

# Boy-Talks

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Philip E. Howard



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# ***BOY-TALKS***

*By*  
***Philip E. Howard***

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## A WORD TO THE BOYS

from ten to a hundred years young

For several years it has been my privilege to talk almost every week with thousands of boys just on the threshold of their teens through that real paper for real boys, "Kings' Treasuries." The talks have come out of living with boys a good deal, and from noticing some of the little and big things that all of us are bound to hear or see along boyhood's highways and by-ways.

Maybe some of you boys who are beginning to think your own thoughts will find things here of interest to you. I hope so.

And perhaps some of you grown-up boys who father, or big-brother, or teach, or sometimes just talk with the youngsters, may like to have some of the things intended here for your use, if they happen to fit in anywhere.

Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr. (I call him "Sam"), who writes such fine out-of-doors books for boys, told me to call this book "Boy-Talks," so I have.

It's yours for use!

THE AUTHOR.

TO  
PHILIP AND TRUMBULL,  
THE BOYS I LOVE BEST—  
MY CHUMS IN FIELD AND FOREST,  
IN WORK AND PLAY,  
AND IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

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## WHY IT WOULD NOT BURN

ONE day a man said to himself that he wanted an electric light on his desk. He did not want to pay much money for the light, so he decided to see what he could do about rigging it up himself.

He looked around until he found the battery that rang the electric doorbell in his home. He knew then what he would do. He would run wires from that battery to his desk, fasten an electric lamp there, and when the lamp was connected with the battery he would have his desk light.

After a time he had made the connections, and then turned the switch in the lamp, expecting to flood his desk with light; but there was no light. He overhauled the connections one by one, to see that everything was clean and tight. He tried it again. Still there was no light.

Finally he sent for a young electrician, and asked him to locate the trouble. The man showed the electrician the lamp and the wires, and then the battery.

The electrician smiled. "Why, you have connected the lamp with the bell battery!" he said.

"Of course I did," answered the man. "It rang the bell all right, and I don't see why it doesn't run the lamp."

"Why, don't you know that a bell battery won't run a lamp like that? It takes a lot more power to make a light than it takes to make a noise!"

Then the man understood. And he began to realize that the electrician had said something very wise, something that would fit in at a great many places in life besides household lighting experiments. For there are folks, grown up, and not grown up, who think that because a boy or a man makes a great fuss about things, and his doings are noisy enough to attract attention, he is therefore a person of force, and can surely get things done. But it doesn't take nearly so much power to make a noise as it takes to give light.

There are always blustering, hustling chaps who impress you with their vast energy because of the motions they make. But there is another kind of boy, who

keeps rather still until the excitement dies down, and then quietly says or does just the right thing. He is the light giver, whose reserves of strength are great, and who can switch on any amount of needed power when a big demand is made upon him.

The strongest men are often the stillest. The men of largest affairs seem to move on through their day with much less fuss and stir than the lesser men. And the boy who counts for most in school is not by any means the boy who is showy, or who is quickest in speech.

When Mr. Lincoln was speaking once of General Grant, he said, "He is such a quiet little fellow that you hardly know he's around, but wherever he is things go!" John Wanamaker, America's greatest merchant, is one of the most unhurried and quiet men you can meet in business, speaking in a low and clear voice, dealing directly and promptly with his problems, but never making any fuss about the immense amount of work he does. President Wilson gives one the same impression in meeting him personally or in hearing him in

public. Indeed, the men of power of our time seem to be those who make little noise. It is easy to create a stir. It is not so easy to be a light giver, through the greater power that works in the soul.

A boy needs to learn the difference between mere noise and real light, and not to be afraid to have large reserves of power for the better kind of service.

## THOSE SLIPPERY FACTS

**D**ID you ever spill a drop of mercury on the table, and then try to pick it up? How the silvery globule eludes you! It slips away on the run, or breaks up into sparkling particles, or frolics around your finger ends, and will not go back to captivity without a struggle.

Facts are sometimes like that drop of mercury. You had them all bottled up in your memory. The cork came out, a fact or two escaped, and when you had to produce those facts in the class-room, they were very unwilling to be picked up!

One of the most painful characteristics of these slippery facts is the way they have of making blots on an otherwise clean school report. One day you were asked a question or two, and the answers wouldn't come, and so a low mark resulted. When you took that report home, you didn't run to show it to father or mother. When father asked for it, he had trouble in making up his mind that it was yours!

You would give a good deal to hold on to

slippery facts, if you could, so that the school work would go better.

But you can learn to hold on to facts. Here are a few hints that may make it easier for you to get and to keep the facts that come up in your studies. Take, for instance, a history lesson.

Read it over once just as you would read any story. Forget that it is a lesson. Don't even try to learn it then — just read it.

Read it over once more; and this time mark with a little pencil dot on the margin any fact that seems important, or especially interesting to you.

Go through the material once more, reading carefully the parts marked with a dot, and as you read, jot down on paper a word, as a reminder of what is in the sentence you want to keep in mind.

Now lay aside the book, and shut your eyes, and see how many of the marked passages you can recall. After you have gone through the whole lesson in this way, look at your catchwords and see where you were right or wrong. Then close the book, put away the paper and review it all once more. By that time, if you have been pay-

ing attention you will no doubt have the main facts bottled up ready for use.

And now do not wait two or three months to review. Review at least once a week the dotted sentences or paragraphs in your book. This simple "dot-and-jot" method is the quickest and surest way to hedge in, bottle up, own, and control those otherwise slippery facts.

Another point: Try the chain method. When you have learned one fact, and then two, remember the two together. And when you have added a third, link the third to the second in your mind, and the fourth to the third. You can do this with dates, names, lines of poetry, a whole chain of facts on any subject. Then the mind will be found to work on from one link to another in a way that will help the memory wonderfully.

Knowing how to work is one of the big things to learn in school days. It is then that the mind can be trained to lay hold of what you should know, and to keep it for future use. The quickest and surest way is never haphazard, but methodical. Will you try it?

## KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE KING

**I**T WAS a great day for that unselfish, hard-working English friend of boys and girls when the king called him into his presence. For his fifty years' service to the young people of Great Britain was about to be honored by the king himself.

Outside the room in which the king and his nobles were seated this good man waited, with others, until an officer called him by name — Francis F. Belsey. Just before he entered the king's presence, he was told not to gaze about the room, not to look around at others near the king, but to keep his eyes looking straight into the king's face from the moment he entered the room. This was always that monarch's wish when he was to confer knighthood upon any one. So Mr. Belsey looked straight at the king as he approached His Majesty, and knelt before him. When he arose, the new Sir Francis Belsey still looked at the king.

Boys, the King himself wants us to look straight at him. Oh, no, it isn't easy, when



our eyes are so quickly drawn to other interests. But the King isn't concerned about making things so very easy for us, so long as he can hold us true to the best he has for us.

There is enough to turn our look away from him. We can think of a hundred things we want to see; yet the King himself is better than all. And you are going to be like what you see; you are to go in the way into which your eyes lead you — not only the eyes in your head, but all those other eyes that we call by many names, but which do the seeing for us, — thought, feeling, hope, ambition, like and dislike, and all the rest. This King of ours not only wishes us to learn of him, but he wishes to make us kings indeed, in our possessions and our service, wherever we are.

Have you ever seen an earthly leader of a great nation — a president, a king, an emperor? You know how every one else in the great crowd seems to vanish in a mist, and all you really see is just one man; and your heart leaps, and your blood quickens, and you seem to be all alone in the world at that moment with that one man.

You are never quite the same boy afterwards, because you have looked into the face of a man who was lifted to a high place of service in the world.

The King of kings does more than this for us when we keep our eyes upon him. Some have become so much like him that even the folks at home call them Christlike. That is the true kingliness — Christlikeness. And the treasuries of that King of kings are just overflowing with the very things a boy most needs to lead him into the biggest, happiest, richest life right now, that he can possibly have. For this King makes kings of any boys who will let him, and whatever he has is yours. There is no reason why any boy who knows him should not have full treasuries of his own, wherein will be found for every-day use the kingly gifts of purity, self-control, unselfishness, honor, sound knowledge, and strength.

Do you want to be a first-rate, high-powered, all-around fellow who can do things that amount to something? — Mind your eyes!

## WHEN A BOY IS NOT POPULAR

**I**T ISN'T always a discredit to a boy to be unpopular. If the other fellows dislike him because he is in the right, and they are in the wrong, he may not always be able to help that at the moment. Indeed, a certain kind of popularity is no credit at all to a boy, because it simply means that he is generally willing to go with the crowd, whether they are in the wrong or not.

A good many boys suffer in their minds, much more than they admit to others, just because some other fellow seems to be liked by every one, while they themselves get little attention, and even seem unwelcome when a bunch of fellows get together, in the school yard, or on the ball field.

Now, general popularity in itself is a poor aim for any boy. The fellow who tries for it is almost sure to miss it, and the fellow who becomes popular in the right way hasn't been trying for it at all. He has simply done the true, clean thing, right along, day in and day out. He hasn't been showy about it. He hasn't tried to make an im-

pression. He has been a straightforward, open-hearted, cheerful, and generous gentleman in the best sense, without trying to find out whether the fellows like him or not; but continually doing and saying the things that belong to wholesome, on-the-square, unselfish, Christian living. Is it strange that others begin to take to him? You would, wouldn't you? Well, you would, unless you were headed in the opposite direction; and even then you might—secretly, if not openly.

But what about the boy who isn't popular among the fellows whose friendship would be an honor to him? Do you ever feel that you are one of that kind? And do you wonder what is the matter?

Let's look at the facts, then. Perhaps you are thinking too much about being liked, or disliked, and so getting the cart before the horse. In that way you get self-centered, over-sensitive, and suspicious, and it shows in your every look. Perhaps you are pig-headed, which simply means that you always want to do exactly what others don't want to do. I have a younger brother who worked on a farm one summer. One of his

duties was to take care of the pigs. He found that if he wanted to drive them back to the sty from the pasture when they were roaming and rooting, he had to chase them as hard as he could away from the gate, and then they would make a wild dash for the gate! That's being pig-headed. And those pigs were not popular with my brother.

Perhaps you make wrong concessions, give in on moral questions just a little, and so others come to feel that you lack courage. And no form of cowardice is ever popular.

But here is the big question. Are you the kind of fellow that Christ would like to send out to represent him in a schoolroom, athletic field, or anywhere? The most popular man in my college class was the noblest Christian in it. What a halfback he was on the college team — what a lovable, unselfish, clean-living Christian he was!

It is just possible that you ought to be more liked than you are — not in order to be more liked, but in order to do the true work of a boy and man in showing forth Christ to the world. Christ, indeed, loves you. Would he like you?

## WHAT IS INITIATIVE?

**T**HAT is a bigger word than a boy's talk usually contains; but to every boy the importance of having initiative is very much bigger than the word itself. We must know what it is in order to get it and use it.

Initiative is ability to start things, to jump quickly to the doing of something that must be done; to act while others dream; to think ahead of the crowd, in order that plans may be ready to meet a need that you believe will arise.

The boy who has initiative, the ability to start things, has what is absolutely necessary to leadership. The boy without that quality cannot be a leader. But how is a fellow who doesn't seem to show that quality ever going to get it?

First, by his habit of thinking. If he just thinks other folks' thoughts, he will not grow in initiative. A boy on a farm in Virginia reaped wheat with what is called a "cradle," a long sickle with a rack of wooden rods above it to catch the stalks of grain as they fell. He didn't think other

folks' thoughts about that cradle, because, while it suited others, it did not suit him at all. So he made a smaller cradle, which would do the work as well as the other and was easier to handle. Then he kept on thinking out his own ideas, until he invented a machine called a reaper, a device that could do the work of twenty men. And Cyrus H. McCormick's reaper is now used the world around. As a boy and as a man he did his own thinking.

It is said that Edison is responsible for more than seven hundred useful inventions. He has studied human needs in his own way, and then he has studied how to meet these needs. He never could have done that, even in long hours of toil in his laboratory, unless he had made up his mind to think independently.

Second, a boy must be willing to do things that no one else has yet done. A boy of nineteen was the captain of a whaler on an Antarctic voyage. He was in uncharted seas. He determined to know more about the region, and in his small sloop he discovered a new land. A Russian fleet commander cruising in the neighborhood on



an exploring expedition invited the boy on board his flagship, congratulated him on his find, and named the new land for the boy — Palmer's Land. Young Nat Palmer had initiative.

Watch the next football game for signs of this quality. Some fellows will do on the jump precisely the right thing at the critical moment, while others are wondering what play would be best. Some fellows try hard to think forward, and to act instantly. They are pushing the game ahead, not merely following the plays. They have initiative.

Can every boy have it? Yes. If any one tells you that you lack it, don't be in the least discouraged. Begin at once to think your own thoughts, to have your own ideas about how to do things among the other fellows. Think, think, think! And then practise in the smallest things the art of putting sound notions into practise at once. Reduce the time between thought and act in your games, in your studies, in everything you do. Just because a thing has always been done in a certain way is no reason why you should assume that there is no other way.



A fellow without initiative is like an automobile that has to be drawn by a horse. It wasn't made for that; it was made to start and to run under a power within. And so are you!

## COURTESY CORNER

“TURNING a corner” in your teens is such an everyday occurrence that almost any boy knows a good deal about the art of it. Some corners are pretty hard to get around — algebra corner, geometry, Latin, chopping wood corner, errand-running, early-to-bed. There is a whole collection of them, in fact, that a fellow must turn, sooner or later. Sometimes the turning raises a lot of dust, and you almost capsize, or take a wheel off; but when you once get around, it goes all right.

One of the hardest corners of all, for some fellows, is courtesy corner. There may be a time when you even lift your hat to a lady with a grudging, half-embarrassed jerk of the right arm. You grab your head-gear off and clap it on again as though you were ashamed to be caught in the act. And sometimes you may have looked the other way when the unoffending lady sailed into sight, just so you wouldn't have to lift your hat!

Courtesy is often hard to learn. Some of us seem to think that politeness must be carefully guarded against, especially in frequent or generous doses. And many a boy grows up into an awkward and unpleasant manner because he never has thought it quite the thing to go in for the niceties of manner that some others may have been trained to show.

For no one ever really turns courtesy corner who is always thinking of himself. Of course there are polite men and boys who are selfish. But true courtesy is not interested in self, but in others; it is not stilted, or affected, or monkeyish, but is the hearty, eager, graceful, timely expression of the right spirit within, showing itself in outward thoughtfulness toward all. A boy who shows courtesy to his chum's mother, and not to his own, is still a savage at heart in this respect. True courtesy doesn't choose its objects, and veer like a weather vane. It does the kindly, generous, thoughtful thing in word and in deed, toward young and old, rich and poor.

The writer of these words was told in Glasgow this story of Edward VII, who all

his life was noted for his courtesy. Once when he was still Prince of Wales but well along in years, he was at the races. At the exit gate, as the crowd came down from the stand, a man was stationed handing out tracts on religious subjects. The prince came through the gate, and a tract was offered to him by the faithful worker. It did not reach his hand, and the prince passed on; but one of the men in his party turned back, and chided the worker for what the indignant man called his "impudence" in offering a tract to the prince. Thereupon the prince, hearing the angry voice, looked back, quietly returned to the gate, his friends with him, and facing the distributor of tracts lifted his hat and asked for a tract. Then, in a clear, earnest voice, he thanked the astonished worker for his kindness. That was the prince's rebuke to the man who was with him, and his way of giving expression to the soul of courtesy that was in him. The prince knew the place and worth of courtesy in life.

Boys, if you have been heedless of the demands and privileges of courtesy, of little and big ways of showing a true-hearted in-

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terest in the comfort and welfare and feelings of others, it is high time for you to look squarely at the reasons for having and showing this spirit, and to begin its cultivation. There isn't much danger that we shall overdo it. Let's get around courtesy corner right now. And the best place to begin is at home. If no one but the family is around, that is the time to be most happy and real in having and showing courtesy at its best.

## “WHEN I GROW UP”

**H**OW we look forward to that fascinating time when we really shall be “up.” Grow up? Well, of course, we can hardly grow any other way, unless it is “out.” Our height increases, our chest measure grows, our biceps bunch up as big as an orange, and we begin to feel as if we were grown up.

But if you will ask a full-grown man to tell you just how he feels about it now, he will tell you that there is an up that he has never yet reached, even though his hair is gray. He is still looking ahead to something better and bigger in his life, and he doesn't feel as grown up as you think he does. The fact is that growing up is a good deal like trying to catch to-morrow. To-day you expect to find to-morrow somewhere along the road, but when you do find it, it is to-day, and to-morrow is still just ahead. Do you see what is meant? Never upon this earth do you grow really up in any finished way. So if you put off a good many important things until you are a man, even when you reach that state you will find the

larger manhood just ahead, and you will go on putting off more things of importance until you are older, and they may never be yours at all.

You are just as much a real person now as you will be when you are a man, as far as many of the most important things in your life are concerned. You do not have to be a day older to be clean in thought and deed. You do not have to put off thoroughness and square dealing and unselfishness until you are twenty-one. You do not have to keep Jesus Christ standing outside the door of your life until you have a man's hand with which to open that door to let him in. A boy's hand can do that just as well, if not better, than a man's. If some of the best gifts of God are not taken in now, they may be put aside and put aside until your life becomes crowded full of other things. You will be grown up soon enough. But you are grown up to your present years right now, and that is just as it will be when you are twenty or forty. The big question is, What are you right now, at twelve, at eleven, or at thirteen?

A little fellow stalked up to his old grand-

father one day, and said importantly: "Grandfather, this is my birthday. I am four years old to-day, and four years old is pretty old, grandfather." It was pretty old for him. He had grown up that far. And his grandfather, who was over seventy, knew that his seventy years were not very many, and that he himself had not yet grown up into what he hoped to be.

What you are to-day is as important to you now as what you are twenty years hence will be important to you then.

What are you going to be when you grow up?

"Lord, let me make this rule:  
To think of life as school,  
And try my best  
To stand each test,  
And do my work  
And nothing shirk.

"These lessons Thou dost give  
To teach me how to live,  
To do, to bear,  
To get, and share,  
To work and play,  
And trust alway."

We must make each day count now, if we are to grow up to be all that we ought to be.



## THE DIRECTED SPARK

**I**N ONE of Jack London's stories he tells the imagined history of Emil Gluck, a man who became a hater of every one, after years of ill treatment by others. He was an able man in scientific matters. He invented a way of directing an electric spark by wireless wherever he pleased, and he played havoc with persons and places wherever he went, exploding magazines in ports and ships, shooting his enemies by exploding cartridges in their own revolvers, and, in general, doing deadly harm wherever he could. And even in a great review in honor of a king and queen he managed to set off the rifles of the guards and other soldiers, causing by his directed spark an awful time of mysterious killing which no one could explain.

Jack London's visionary tale is strange enough, and startling. It is not so very far, though, from the truth, if applied to a different kind of directed spark among explosives of another sort. For every fellow who reads this book lives among explosives,

and has in his power a way of setting them off, to the injury of some one near by.

One of the things some of us learn far too well is the art of stirring up some one with the spark of a taunting or sarcastic word. Fellows otherwise kindly have been known rather to enjoy what they call the "fun" of saying something that they know will cause an explosion in another's sensitive mind. They like to see the flushed face, the snapping eyes, and the clenched fists of some one whose weak spot has been reached; and for those who like that sort of sport the game is as beautifully cruel in its way, and as enjoyable to the one who runs it, as Emil Gluck's killings were to him. When he was finally arrested, he said he was only sorry he had not done more of it, and had worked harder and faster at it, but that he had taken his time in the certainty that he never would be caught.

His spirit was not very different from that of the chap who makes a teacher's life miserable in an underhanded way, and then is sorry when the teacher leaves, because the opportunity for such good times is gone.

Some of us do this sort of thing thought-

lessly, though with cruel skill, right in our family life, and many a home is made unhappy by the explosions caused by these directed sparks. That sensitive sister of yours is easily angered into tears by what you call your "fun," but to her it is torture. Perhaps she shouldn't feel as she does about it, but she does; and while she does, the explosion, with all its ugly results, can be produced at your will. It is amazing what a mere sentence of a few ordinary words will do to fill the air with broken fragments of good fellowship.

Friends have been alienated by such spark words; schools have been spoiled, business disorganized, homes made unhappy, churches hindered in their work, whole neighborhoods split into hostile camps because some one said something that, like Emil Gluck's directed spark, caused an explosion.

Power to do this sort of thing is no credit to any one. It isn't funny, and it isn't smart. It never seems to belong to the make-up of a healthy, clean-minded, upstanding boy. You might expect it from a cobra sliding out of a hole in the ground behind a rose-bush, seeking to sting to death some one

gathering roses. You might expect it of a bitter-souled being who had come to hate every one in sight or out of sight.

But no sane boy wants to be an Emil Gluck; now does he?

## HOLDING ON

THERE was great excitement on the sailing vessel when a boy was noticed far out on one of the yardarms. He had climbed and climbed before any one had noticed him, and there he was far out on the yard, clinging for all he was worth and having a glorious time.

The captain was very much disturbed. He turned to the boy's father, and said to him, "If he lets go, he will fall on the deck and break his neck."

The father answered very quietly, "He will not let go." And the boy did not. His father knew him well enough to know that when his boy had once taken hold, he was not likely to let go, and that he could trust his son even in such a place as that. You will not be surprised to learn that this boy was Rudyard Kipling, whose books some of you have read, and whose writings are so famous everywhere.

Some boys could not have been trusted on that yardarm. They would have made a

brave start out along the footropes, clinging to the yard; but it would not have taken very much to confuse them or make them slip, if you can judge by the way they do in other positions. It is not every fellow who knows how to hold on, or who realizes that you don't have to be far up in the rigging of a ship, in order to have a bad fall if you let go.

There are other times when letting go is just as dangerous, although the results might not be so easily seen. It is the injury to a boy's mind and spirit that is the chief danger in letting go when he is tackling the duties that are before him. The very effort to grip hard and to decide to hold on when things get difficult is wonderful training for the mind and the spirit, and if the grip that we have is not good for hard times, is it good for anything?

A young man had just been graduated from a medical college, and was ready to go out to the foreign field as a missionary. He offered himself for service anywhere, but he especially asked the missionary board of his church to send him to the hardest place in the world that they knew of. His board

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sent him to Arabia, to work among the Mohammedans. That man, widely known now to those who are interested in foreign missions, found his field of service hard indeed. But he never let go. He was even in danger of losing his life, but that did not specially trouble him, because he had laid down his life at the start. He held on through thick and thin, until the people all up and down the Arabian Peninsula came to know him and to respect him. He has written books on his work among the Mohammedans, and his missionary talks are just brimful of fire and enthusiasm for the field in which he has worked. His name is Samuel M. Zwemer, and he is to-day one of the most distinguished of missionaries

A famous editor was once trying to get the governors of the thirteen original States to send him a letter about George Washington for a Washington's Birthday number of his paper. He induced nearly all of them to send such a letter, but one or two did not seem willing to respond. One of his friends said to him one day, "Suppose you could not get the whole thirteen; what would you do?" The editor, thoroughly roused by the ques-

tion, exclaimed, "I'd die in the effort to get the thirteenth!" He did get every one, and he lived long afterwards to do many other things of the same kind. He never would let go of anything he thought God wanted him to do. Are you his kind?



## POWER

**A**S YOU read these words, your eyes move across the page; you have been turning the pages with your fingers; your mind is making pictures for you when you read the word "eyes," or "page," or "fingers." You do all these things without any special effort, and yet the most marvelous machinery has been set in motion by you and within you. There is power in your brain and muscles and nerves, power that does wonderful things. Have you thought of your power, how you may develop and use it?

A seed falls into a crevice in a rock. There is a bit of earth down there to catch that seed and to give it a chance to grow. Then a soft green shoot starts up, becomes larger and taller and harder; and as it grows it requires more room. But the rock shuts it in. The growing tree struggles with the rock, and the rock gives way by and by and makes room for it. What power there is in quiet growth! In the seed, power works quietly, but with tremendous force; and yet

there would be no power in the seed if it had no ground in which to grow, if it received no nourishment from earth and air. So the power in you, physical, moral, spiritual, can continue and grow only as it is sustained by proper means.

Dr. A. F. Schauffler says that some years ago a physician in New York, who was making use of electricity to cure diseases, invited him to his office, promising to show him some queer things. The physician sat Dr. Schauffler down in an insulated chair, and turned three hundred thousand volts of static electricity through his body. Then the shutters were closed and an electric bulb was put in his hands. Immediately the room was illuminated by the power streaming through his body and changing itself into light. When he took hold of a chair attached to a machine standing in the corner of the room, the machine began to run furiously by means of the power streaming through him. The power could not have gone through Dr. Schauffler and been turned into light and motion, if he had not been seated upon an insulated chair, and thus been cut off from everything that would have dissipated that power.

Do you want power? Do you want to have in you that which you can use to pass on to others in service, in fine achievement, in manly living? Then you must see to it that no bad habits destroy the delicate power centers in your body and brain. You must see to it that you are nourished by what God offers you in books, in friends, in companionship with a fellow's best Friend, Jesus Christ. You must see to it that you are insulated or cut off from influences which would rob you of the power that God wants you to have and use for others. Then what great things God can do through you!

## A GOOD MIXER

NOT all mixers are good, and mixing of itself is not always good. But it is a great thing for a boy to learn how to get on in any neighborhood, in any school, with any kind of fellows into whose company he may come. And not only will he find it a help, if he learns how to get along with folks, but better yet, he will be able to bring together into real friendship the fellows who really should know each other better.

We cannot do either of these things if we are self-conscious, always wondering what others are thinking of us. That keeps us looking in instead of out, and makes us awkward and over-sensitive to what folks are supposed to be thinking or saying about us. If we are going to mix in with others, or help to make other fellows happier in good ways, we cannot be thinking about those troublesome selves of ours.

To be a good mixer, a boy must be able to see things as the other boy sees them. You may not like everything about him; but

that doesn't change the necessity for finding something in common with him, if you are going to get on together. No two boys can work together on the plan of each having his own way, and following his own likes and dislikes. If it comes to moral issues, of course boys may not be able to get on together when one has low tastes, and the other likes the fresh air of clean thinking and living. But in the doings of school and field and club and team, there must be plenty of generous give and take, the giving of honor and preferment and credit for good motives, and the taking of slights and misunderstanding and a good deal of meanness from others. One of the greatest of our Presidents said in conversation with a young man who had asked him how to carry on political reform, "Don't expect too much of the people with whom you have to deal." No one we meet exactly suits us. And it is just possible that we do not suit any one else.

To be a good mixer, a fellow must be cheerful. No pessimist can ever be welcome in a crowd. A boy was sent home by the leader of a summer camp, because that boy was such a very cloudy pessimist that he

cast a shadow on the whole camp. A few years later that boy had so overcome his pessimism, his looking on the dark side of things, that he was back in the same camp as the leader's assistant, and very popular with the boys, who now find him an encouraging friend, and not a figurative wet blanket.

A good mixer need not lower his standards. Indeed, if he does, the other fellows will be quick to lose their respect for him. In a New England city, a boy was playing in a ball game. Some of the fellows were swearing. The thing kept up. Then the courageous boy, in a manly way, went straight to the fellows who were poisoning the air, and said, "See here, unless this swearing stops, I'm going to quit playing!" They knew he meant it, and they stopped. But they didn't stop liking him. He is a leader among boys. Do you wonder that he can get on with others as a good mixer?

No boy can live an all-alone life. His life is lived among others. It is his business to learn how to get on with others, and to make life cheerier and cleaner for the fellows around him.

## WHAT'S ON YOUR SHOULDER?

**T**HAT'S right, take a good look! Some fellows have one thing, some another. Some carry a very heavy load, of which they are sometimes most unfortunately proud, called a chip. Others carry market baskets, or lost "kids," or lend the shoulder as a support for an old man's hand as he tries to cross a crowded street.

But what do you yourself carry on that right shoulder of yours? If the chip is clinging there it isn't a pacifying sight to the eyes of the fellows you meet. Some will be so busy with other things when you come along that you will never know they saw you. They saw the chip a long way off. They knew you by it. That was enough.

Others will lay for you behind a big tree, and when you come along with your favorite chip, they will step out to enjoy the gentle sport of trying to knock it off, meanwhile not caring particularly if you do go home with a fine, well-developed black eye.

Others will say "howdy" as you pass; but they will not detain you, any more than

they would invite a wildcat to lunch. They know too well how glad you would be to mix things up with them with reference to that chip, and they don't see any fun in going with a fellow who always has a grievance, and who thinks scrappy thoughts all the time. They have something better to do.

No, there is very little fun anywhere for the boy who carries a chip on his shoulder, waiting for some one to knock it off. And of what earthly use is he so long as he carries a load like that? It makes him and every one else uncomfortable, and it holds him back from using his shoulder for other purposes.

Shoulders are not made for the hoisting of mean-spirited challenges to others. They are built for putting back wheels caught in the ruts; for boosting younger fellows up places they cannot quite reach without a boost; for carrying wood and water to save mother's shoulders, and for lots of other burdens that a real boy likes. But shoulders are not for a chip.

If you ever go to Boston you will see just outside Trinity Church, on Copley Square, a wonderful statue of Phillips Brooks, the



great preacher. And you will notice his splendid broad shoulders that others noticed when he stood before an audience.

Phillips Brooks was chosen a bishop of the Episcopal Church, and yet, in spite of his greatness, many persons objected to him as a man for that work, because many did not agree with his ideas about church management. These attacks became very severe, and he was even caricatured in a paper that thought it could harm him in that way. But he had no quarrel with these enemies. He had a bigger work on hand. And when Bishop Brooks saw the caricature, he wrote these lines:

And this is then the way he looks,  
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?  
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,  
The Church has doubts of Phillips Brooks!  
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try  
To give these doubtful looks the lie.  
He dares not promise, but will seek  
Even as a bishop to be meek;  
To walk the way he shall be shown,  
To trust a strength that's not his own,  
To fill the years with honest work,  
To serve his days, and not to shirk;  
To quite forget what folks have said,  
To keep his heart and keep his head,  
Until men, laying him to rest,  
Shall say, "At least he did his best."

## FLANGES

THROUGH the black night, over slender bridges, around sharp curves, and through murky tunnels, the express was speeding, and the passengers slept. The engineer kept up his locomotive's pace with confidence, the train crew went about their tasks with steady heads, and the train thundered on through sleeping towns and over many miles of open country.

Well, what of it? Oh, no, there was no accident; and the morning dawned happily for boys and girls and older folk on that train who were on their way to vacations in the mountains. Then why tell about such a dull and uneventful night?

It was not so uneventful, after all, down where the wheels roared along on the quivering rails, and clattered over crossings, and pounded against well-closed switches. The dust was flying, and sometimes the sparks flew, too, when the brake shoes were jammed against the wheels; and the trucks were flung from side to side with violent lunges and

plunges, as though evil giants beside the rail were striking at them with sledge hammers as the train dashed by. No, it was not a very quiet night down there, and one part of every wheel had a tough time of it—the flange.

You have noticed the flange on car wheels, the projecting rim that travels below the level of the rails, and just inside them. It is the flange that holds the wheels, and so the trucks, and so the train to the rails. It is the flange that takes the brunt of the awful swing around curves, that stands the buffetings of the lunges from side to side that sometimes make passengers sit up in startled fashion and wonder what is coming next. Something would come next, if it were not for the flanges that keep the train from jumping the track.

Now, no one has ever heard of a flangeless car wheel that was good for anything. And if wheels could talk, they never would object to having that part of their make-up most carefully made—that is, no sensible, well-rounded wheel would. Yet if you look very closely, you can discover, here and there, a boy who most decidedly objects to

having that part of his general make-up given much attention by parents and teachers. Anything that holds him to the track, as steadily as flanges hold the car wheels in place, is irksome to him. Yet the very things that some fellows "simply can't stand" are the things that keep them from flying off into wreckage for themselves and others.

What is always being on time, but a flange that holds life to its real track of highest service? What is habitual purity in thought and deed? What is determined and unswerving honesty, but a means of holding true to the rails on the up-and-down, in-and-out, dusty, knockabout journey that life is? What is discipline in school, at home, at the office, but a flange that keeps us all from going into the ditch?

When a fellow feels like complaining of any of these things as too hard for him, too restraining to his liberty, it might not be a bad plan to go down where the express can be seen, as it tears holes in the night, and yet sticks to the track that the chief engineer of the road has laid down for it. Listen to the roar of the wheels as the train passes, and then, when all is quiet, look up toward

the stars, traveling through the dark as they do on their assigned ways, and ask yourself whether the flanges on your personal outfit are so needless and troublesome as you sometimes think.

No, "think" isn't really the word. For the boy who thinks doesn't object to the discipline that helps to hold him true.

## HOMESICKNESS

**D**ID you ever have it? Then you know what it is! And perhaps you were not quite sure at the time whether you should be ashamed of it, or count it a sign of right feeling.

It has its good side, of course; for a fellow who is never homesick is too hard-hearted to know what home really means.

It has its bad side, too; for we can be so blinded by it, so overcome, that we are unfitted for our work.

A boy was once given a thousand dollars by his father for a bicycle trip through Europe. He went with some other fellows across England, and as far as Paris. Then one day homesickness swept over him like a huge wave, and he was so carried away by it that the very next morning he was on a steamer sailing from Havre for home. All Europe was as nothing when homesickness struck in. The Rhine, the Alps, the glorious days awheel, and all the wonderful things that could be seen, com-

pared with home, were of no interest to him, just then. That was plainly throwing away a great opportunity because of a weakness.

Some fellows let their school days away from home suffer in the same way. Study, new friendships, athletics — all seem for a time dull and empty, and home tugs on the heartstrings so hard that nothing else seems worth while. And so golden hours go by unused.

But home should not do anything of that sort for us. We should love home, and want to be there; yet it is not honoring the home to make it a means of distress and harm to us. For the very thought of home should stir us to greater and better work, quicken our ambitions, invite our strongest allegiance, not to be shown by giving way to hurtful sickness of heart, but by making every day count for the honor of the family in that home by our solid and sensible work.

A boy in a big summer camp was troubled so much with homesickness that he hardly seemed able to keep on with his work. But he stuck to it. He did his work as one of the leaders, no matter how distasteful some of it became. He spent plenty of time morn-

ing and evening alone with God. And one of the small boys in his tent proved to be a help to him. He was a little Swiss boy, not well understood by the other fellows. He needed a friend. He looked up to the older boy as one who could make things brighter for him. In a letter to one of his family the older boy wrote: "The little Swiss boy is hanging around me now, and is homesick himself, so I mustn't show that I am."

Yes, the need in the life of some one else, and the game spirit that tells us not to show how badly we feel, are good cures for homesickness. The camp leader could keep his troubles under in order to be a true leader of boys who needed him.

One man who had been away from home on long journeys, said to a young friend:

"I feel very near to my friends and family when I am away. I have learned that the shortest way to them is up," and he pointed toward the heavens, "and then from my heavenly Father down to them. By that route we are very near one another."

Boys, it doesn't matter whether you are fourteen or forty, homesickness needn't be



the dark and awful thing that it has sometimes been, for by the upward route of prayer, and the downward flow of its answers, we may be near and keep near those we love.

## VARNISH

**Y**OU may think that some folks around your house are altogether too particular about manners, your manners, not theirs. Everything must be just so. When you meet people, you must look as if you were glad to see them, even if you are not glad. You think it's pretty hard for a fellow to have to remember his manners all the time. It seems to you that there is far too much show about it.

Well, some day when you have the opportunity, get a good look at a fine violin. Notice the beautiful wood used in it, and the graceful shape of the various parts. It is all so neat, and plain, and simple that you don't see how a small box like that possibly could have cost many thousands of dollars.

When some one who knows how to play takes up that instrument, lovingly fingers it, draws the bow across the strings, and the violin sings, or cries, or laughs, or sends the wind through the trees, or talks to you in tender voice, then you begin to realize how precious it is.

But look again at it. Notice the finish. The varnish is wonderfully smooth and clear and mellow. You compare it with the varnish on a table or a chair, and you see the difference. But the varnish, of course, is only an incident in the finish, and you needn't pay much attention to that.

Hold on a moment! Are you so sure of that? Let a maker of violins take up the instrument, and he will be curiously interested in the varnish. Talk with him on that point, and see what he thinks.

To a friend, a famous maker of violins once said that the tone of an instrument depends much upon the varnish used. He would tell no one just how he made his. He gathered with his own hands the gums used in the process, and refined the preparation until he brought it to exactly the perfection he desired. He was most particular about it all, because he had found that the wonderful tone of his violins was either helped or hindered by the nature of the varnish.

Perhaps you didn't know that varnish was as important as all that. You thought it was there just for looks, and to protect the wood. The old maker of violins knew better.

Some boys know better, too, about the varnish we call "manners." They see that something more than looks and outward appearance is affected by that finish. For the tone of a boy is often made coarser or finer by his rudenesses or his courtesies to others.

No, a fellow mustn't be all manners. A violin that is good for anything cannot be all varnish. But the really wonderful varnishes are not found on the cheap and unmusical instruments. The fine instrument is fine in all its points, and it wouldn't be as fine without that particularly careful finish.

On the same day two boys applied for the position of office boy in a publishing house. The first was a boy who clearly wanted to do better than he had been doing, but his outward manner was such as to lead the manager of the concern to feel that wherever the boy might be sent on an errand, he would make a bad impression. His face showed that the inner boy was not quite up to the mark.

The second boy had clear eyes that looked straight at you. He was direct in his way of speaking; he sat straight up in his chair while he talked, and his whole

bearing was that of a boy who not only had fine stuff in him, but who had learned to live among others in such a way that his outward bearing of courtesy and directness was just a natural part of himself.

You don't have to guess very long to decide which boy got the position.

Varnish isn't a good substitute for character in violins or boys, but it plays its part.

## THE HALF-FARE TICKET

HE WAS a fun-loving boy of thirteen, who was small for his age. He stood at the far end of the station platform, looking anxiously first toward the station, and then up the track.

"Good morning, Tommy," said a man near him. "Are you going to town?"

"Yes, sir; and Harry went to buy a half-fare ticket for me," the boy answered with a laugh. "That's the way we work it. I do it lots of times." Then the train rolled in, the swarming crowd piled on, and the boy with the half-fare ticket was lost in the crowd on the cars.

He was known to the agent at the home station, but with the conductors he could pass as a boy of eleven, and he did so, handing up his half-fare ticket with the feeling that it was clever to trick the railroad in that fashion. He hardly realized what he was doing, because probably he had heard much talk about the right of the public to beat the railroad whenever it is possible. He thought it was a great joke.

But the half-fare business worked by a whole-fare boy is just plain lying and stealing, rolled together. A ticket represents an agreement. The fact that you have bought it at a certain price shows that the railroad has undertaken to render certain service for you on terms that are supposed to be understood by you. If you are a whole-fare boy, you have no right to slip through on a half-fare ticket, because the buying of that ticket means that you intend to have the road understand that you are not above their half-fare age limit. If you do buy one, and you are above the limit, you haven't been square in your dealings with the road. The fellow who will do what Tom did, is putting a crooked twist into his character every time he swindles the road out of half of his fare.

Many a boy has in this way found the half-fare ticket scheme only an entering wedge, nicely designed to split his character into fragments. The fellow who will "put one over" on the railroad will have trouble in seeing why he shouldn't take advantage of some other concern, if he can do so. The more easily he can fool the railroad, the more likely he will be to feel that he can safely try

shady tricks on others. That notion is in itself a breaker-down of character. You don't have to wait for results; the idea itself is bad enough as a result.

Many boys do these crooked things thoughtlessly. But sometimes thoughtlessness is pretty costly. Grown men realize the danger of an entering wedge of crookedness so keenly that many are as careful as can be about the least thing of the sort. One day a man crossed the river in a ferry-boat. Of course he paid his fare, but he immediately came back on another boat, without leaving the ferryhouse on the other side. As he did not have to pass through the ticket gate on his way back, he did not pay his return fare. But when he reached the side of the river from which he had started he went to the ticket window, bought a ticket for three cents and then tore it up, so that no one else could use it. He did not dare to let that three-cent return fare remain unpaid, even though no one but himself ever would know of it. He himself would know, however, and the act and the knowledge of it would weaken his character.

Whole-fare boys who try to get along on



half-fare terms are not taking whole-fare tickets for the road of righteousness and true success.

Any fellow who thinks he can trick others in money matters is tricking himself inore. The half-fare ticket business may be a problem this very week for some readers of this book.

You know the answer.

## THE SECOND LOOK

A GOOD many of the wrong suggestions that hit us are like shots from an ambushed foe. Many a fellow who wants to have clean thoughts, nevertheless lives where he is bound to see and hear a lot of stuff that could easily poison his mind. He does not want to be reminded of low desires and uncleanness and trickery and deceit, but these things sometimes seem to be just thrown at him. What is he to do about evil suggestions?

He can carefully avoid the crowds and places where such stuff is seen or heard. Sometimes we become careless about that sort of thing, and drift into the very places and company we want to avoid. But we need not be careless. We can keep a sharp lookout. Even when a boy is caught unawares, he can refuse to take the second look. This means that a boy whose eye gate has been attracted by an evil suggestion need not open the gate again the next minute even though he was taken by surprise the first time.

So many forms of evil come into the mind by the eye gate that we need a double guard just there. We may not always prevent evil from coming up to that gate, and perhaps edging in before we are aware of it. We can, however, in Christ's strength always refuse to give evil another chance to get in. It is not the sudden and undesired seeing of an evil picture that makes our thoughts sinful, so much as the second look at that picture — that is where the raw and degrading sin of the will and the mind comes in. For the second look is of our own choice, and when we choose to let in the poison, and have a lurking delight in it, then we have opened the gate wide, and the rest of the spoiling process is easy.

A young fellow who has been getting over some bad habits, and is coming out into victory over them, said a few days ago that he had been meeting his sudden and unexpected temptations by turning them over at once to Christ, and he found that while he had not been able before that to conquer the temptation to take the second look, Christ had himself given him the victory. He showed his freedom, too, in the happy look on his face.

Just here is a point that will mean success or defeat for you. Nothing on earth can make you choose to invite evil into your mind, if you will let Christ guard you in that very moment. Any boy who will trustingly put that plan into practise will be able to keep a clean mind, in spite of all sorts of outside hindrances. When you "walk with the King" it is just as true that he is walking with you, and by his presence and power guarding you against whatever is hateful to him. In his company, why need any of us fail to have a clean mind? The second look is a look away from Christ.

## WHEN WORK SEEMS HARD

ON TOP of a certain bookcase is a stick of smooth wood, about eighteen inches long, two inches wide, and a half inch thick. It is there among other things from strange lands, not for use, but as a curiosity.

That stick is no curiosity in China, the land from which it came. It is altogether too common. The boys out there have no love for it. They know too much about it for that. It is a school-teacher's club, heavy, hard, and not made for ornament.

If a boy in one of the village schools does not know his lesson, he may get a good hard rap on his head with that club. He does not understand his lesson, anyway, and very likely the teacher does not, but he must memorize the words, or get acquainted with that club. And many a boy has been made an idiot by such blows on the head. That sort of schooling is indeed the "university of hard knocks." It would do many an American boy good to take that stick down from the bookcase, turn it over in his hands, feel the

weight of it, and try it on his own head—gently! Then he might realize that he is far better off in school than he thought he was. It might lead him to be a little more quiet about his school hardships, and talk more about the advantages he enjoys. A teacher in an American school who needs a club like that would soon be on his way to some other work than school-teaching. Yet to hear some fellows talk, you might think something rather worse than Chinese methods was used in their school, and just because good hard solid work is required!

And then to see how some students, where they are allowed to choose some of their studies, will rush to the studies that are easiest for them! One fellow who finds algebra hard will drop it for something easy. He would not do that in the gym! He will nearly burst a blood vessel lifting heavy weights, or he will run around the track until his tongue hangs out, because that particular stunt is hard. He would not bother with it if it were easy. But algebra! No, no! not that, if he can dodge it. And yet it is the hard school work that builds mental muscle, just as the hard work in the gym builds body,

muscle. Why, dodging hard work for either body or mind is simply making a weakling of the dodger!

We do not want to let easy times look so attractive to us. So much is done for us now that hard work is getting far too unpopular. Most boys suffer from too little rather than from too much of it. There isn't nearly so much healthy work for a boy in working the levers of an automobile as there is in working the pedals of a bicycle. Yet many a fellow would shed no tears if he were given a car in place of his wheel.

While we should be ready to use new conveniences, we should not lose the advantage of good hard work. Some of the most popular men, men who have been big in every way, did very hard work when they were boys. One New York merchant who became a wealthy and very useful man used to get up before daylight when he was a boy, sweep the sidewalk and street in front of the store where he worked, open up the store, clean it, and then go home to breakfast, returning to take his place as clerk in that store. When New York grew, business grew, he grew with both, and manhood found him

carrying more work than ever, while training others to help.

And you think you have a pretty hard time! Take down that stick a moment. You have nothing as hard as that to bear. When the work seems hard, go after it for all you are worth, and be glad that things are not too easy!



## AMBUSHED

**D**ID you ever play Indian? Oh, not recently, perhaps, but you used to. Do you remember how you used to creep along, peer among the bushes, and watch for the least sign of the enemy? Sometimes you couldn't tell him from the leaves of the trees. Then again he might be blended with the grass, and out of any little hollow he might rise up with a yell.

You didn't mind an open fight when you did find him. But to push along through the brush, and not know what might leap out on you at the next step — well, that was exciting.

The old Indian days are repeated in modern warfare. Hiding away in trenches, and under screens of trees, and even wearing clothing that looks like the land itself, all these, and other means also, are tried. If the enemy can hide, and see you at the same time, he has the advantage.

When they are in a hostile country where they can be ambushed, the old woodsmen or

plainsmen never are careless. They leave nothing undone to protect themselves against surprise. They act just as if the enemy were all around them, ready to spring upon them at the least sign of relaxed watchfulness.

Not many years ago, a stocky, bearded, keen-eyed, energetic little man appeared in America, and wherever he spoke, whether to small groups or to large audiences, every one sat up and took notice. He was different. His English had odd turns in it, and he used words that made you see everything in pictures. He knew the Bible. He knew Africa also, especially the blackest parts of it, for he had lived there for twenty-four years, without once coming out. He didn't call it "coming" out, though; he called it "boring" out. And when you read of what he did in order to get out to the seacoast, you can understand what he meant by boring, as an auger bites its way through wood.

This tremendous engine of a man, Dan Crawford, has been boring in again. He has gone back to his mission station at Luanza, and he has written something about that journey. At one point on the way he says:

"I did this route by night on the boring-out journey four years ago, but this time the moon has failed us; therefore such a venture is barred. Farther on, near Mukove, there are six notorious lions, who really rule the road. And to be minus one moon, but plus six man-eaters, is a losing transaction, for these cunning omnivora — eaters of everything — are ambushed in the yellow grass alongside the road, and the yellow of the grass so matches the yellow of the lions that these six sinners boss the forest. We were wise," he writes later, "for these lawless lions have killed a man just where we passed."

Dan Crawford knew too much to be ambushed by those lions. Would you have been as wise? Judging from some of the ambuscades we walk right into with eyes wide open, those lions would have found some of us very easy marks.

"Lions? Why, we don't have them in America!" Yes, we have some which are every bit as tricky and clever and dangerous as were Dan Crawford's enemies in the night, and they get some of us, too, because we let them. Impurity, dishonesty, meanness,

laziness, bad temper, unfaithfulness — why, there they are, claws and all!

It isn't nervy to face them alone in the dark; it's foolish. Crawford, the trained traveler, wouldn't go on at night without moonlight. We are just as unsafe if we are trying to meet the yellow lions that would rend us, unless we move in the light and guidance that God sends for our use.

Fellows, are you ever caught by the sin lions, caught when you least expect to be?

Wait for the light next time!

## EARNING MONEY

**M**AKING money is not necessarily the same thing as earning money. Some grown men spend a good deal of thought upon making money, as they call it, but they may mean by that that they match their wits against some other man's wits, or his ignorance, and gain money from him, without really giving any fair value in return. That is not what is meant here.

Money in your hands should mean that you have put value of some kind into the hands of some one in return for the money. A boy wants that fishing rod of yours more than you want it. You sell it to him for a little money, which he does not want as much as he wants the rod, and you take the money, which you want more than you want that rod. And that is what goes on in all honorable business.

Earning money is simply exchanging something you have for sale that some one else wants in return for his money. And it is a great thing for any boy to look around

to see just what he has that some one else would like to pay for. Oh, not up in the garret! You may think from what has been said about the rod that something of that sort is meant here. No, there is likely to be something you have that you can sell in such a way that the more you sell of it the more you have. How can that be?

There is a boy who has gone out day after day in the early morning to study birds. He has listened carefully to their songs, and has learned to imitate many of them. Some grown folks who have heard him are now asking him to give evening entertainments, showing pictures of the birds, telling a little about each of them, and imitating their calls. Give? No; because those who want him to do this know that he is glad to earn money, and they want to buy his skill for the evening. And the more he sells of that skill, the more skill he will have for sale.

Perhaps a boy has made a study of gardening. He knows how. A good many folks in town may not know how. He could get some of these folks to let him use parts of their ground for gardening on shares, paying them in fresh vegetables for the use of their

ground, and selling most of his produce to make his profit. In this way he turns his knowledge into money, and all connected with the transaction are better off because of his use of his skill.

Another boy has a large acquaintance in his home town. People are glad to see him. They want him to succeed. They would rather deal with him than with some others. So he gets orders for butter, and he gets his butter fresh every week from an agricultural college. That boy is now delivering his butter on a bicycle.

How many ways there are to turn your skill into money! It is more than likely that you can do something right now that some one else must pay some one for doing. Try to find out what that is. One boy recently has made enough by selling a book to buy a trombone and a piccolo, instruments upon which he is learning to play.

But you do not have to work for a living, you say. Father looks after that, does he? Well, not one of the boys mentioned here has to work for a living, either. Each one of them believes that it is better for him to earn money than to have it given him all the

time. What do you think about it? One boy, whose father paid his way through private school and college, used to sell typewriter supplies to earn money. He did not have to. He wanted to. There's a difference!



## GIVING MONEY

**H**OW would you like to have your hands so crooked with rheumatism that you could not straighten out your fingers? It would be pretty hard not to be able to open out your hands.

There are some men who cannot open their hands who cannot blame it on rheumatism. If any one asks them for a dime, suddenly a cord working from a hard heart seems to pull those fingers tight shut, and they do not open out at all in response to the call for the dime.

It is a sad business for any man when he becomes so selfish that he cannot do open-handed deeds of generosity. Usually his trouble is that he did not begin early enough. If, when he was a boy, he never gave any thought to giving to others, he may have lost the ability to give as he grew older.

The fellow who shares his possessions with other boys is getting ready to be a good giver when he grows up. It may seem a small matter indeed to give a nickel regu-

larly in the Sunday-school class, but if everybody in the Sunday-schools of North America did that each Sunday, it would mean a gift of about one million dollars every week. And more than this, it would mean that a great company of young people would be learning how to give; and that would provide many millions for Christian work from these trained givers when grown up.

It is a good plan to set aside, from all the money you get, at least one cent from every ten, to be given to work for others at home and abroad. You can have a special bank for this. When you get ten cents, drop one of them in that bank. When you get a dollar, drop in ten cents. If the church needs money, if the Sunday-school is taking care of a missionary, and asks for money for his support, you have something on hand from which you can draw.

Do not worry about the small amount you have to give. Many a man who gives ten dollars out of a large income is not giving as much as the boy who gives ten cents out of his small income.

It is a big thing for us to learn that the money we have does not belong to us. We

are nothing more than caretakers or stewards. All the wealth of the world is a part of the great storehouse of God, and our little share of it is a part of the great whole. The writer asked a wealthy man what his plan had been for giving money. "I have never felt," he answered, "that I should limit my giving to any special amount of my income; I have felt that it all belonged to God, and that any call I believe is from him should be answered by what help I could give." Another man, much younger, but very successful in business, and well known to the writer, spends on himself a very small part of his income, and gives away by far the largest part of it in Christian work. He gives so much that people often think that he is a wealthy man. But he is not wealthy, except in the willingness to count himself a steward or caretaker of the money that God sends into his life.

Any boy who will begin to think of himself as one who has money in trust for God will soon learn how to give in the right way, and he will not begrudge what he gives, either.

Don't let your fingers get crooked so

tightly around the coin that they do not know how to let go. Fingers are made to open, as well as to close.

## SAVING MONEY

**T**HE good athlete always keeps a little strength laid away in his heart and muscles against the day of a big demand on him. One of the rules in high-jump training is to clear the bar just enough to get over, and to hold strength in reserve for the greater heights.

That seems like good sense. And most of us do show good sense in saving up almost everything but money. In money matters, many of us are like natives in the tropics where fruit is the staple diet, and easy to get. They live on the day's findings, and as for to-morrow, well, to-morrow will be all right!

Money has a way of not helping one to save. The touch of it suggests things we want. Usually it is not much trouble for the money to persuade us that spending would be a good thing, and for the thing we want to persuade us that right now is the time to exchange idle money for it.

But what about that word "idle"? Is money doing nothing when we keep it, and

busy only when we spend it? No; we can keep money busy without spending it.

Suppose out of every ten cents you get, you make it a rule to drop one cent in your bank, or out of every dollar, ten cents. If you have gathered ten dollars by earning it, or through gifts, and have put away ten cents out of each dollar, you would then have a clear dollar saved. That is easy; I mean easy to figure, not easy to do! But try it. Try it for a good long while, until saving that ten cents from every dollar becomes a habit. It is the very least you ought to do. You may want to do more.

Now take that dollar to a savings bank. Suppose you get it up to ten dollars, by adding others to it. Let that ten dollars alone, and it will earn for you thirty cents, let us say, in a year. The bank lends your ten dollars to some one who pays the bank sixty cents for the year's use of it, and the bank pays you thirty cents. The bank charges six percent, and gives you three percent, and the difference is the bank's earnings to pay expenses and profits.

At the end of one year, your ten dollars has earned thirty cents for you. You now

have \$10.30 in the bank. At the end of another year you have three percent of \$10.30 to be added, making it \$10.60. If you let that ten dollars alone for five years, it will have earned for you \$1.56.

This may seem a long road to a good bank account, but the money you put away there is working all the time to add to itself, and that is more than it would do if you spent it.

The practise of saving money is fine training for saving a little margin in other things. It is a good thing to have spare strength, time, brains, patience, moral courage, money; why, we need a margin all along in everything. So whenever you get ten cents, just count on putting at least one cent of it into your bank. Save one tenth all the time, year in and year out, and you will always have a little money laid by for an emergency, a little that is working for you, steadily increasing itself. That is much better than "going broke."

## SPENDING MONEY

**I**T IS a good thing to know how to earn money; it is just as needful to know how to spend it. And to know how to spend money wisely is as hard as to know how to earn it. A good many earners have learned that to their sorrow.

Some boys act as though money should be treated very much as they treat a fire balloon; they hold it just long enough to decide when to let it go, and then up it goes, and disappears, or it flares up, and flutters away in ashes. Some, to whom money comes easily, let it go easily. If money costs you little, you are likely to let it go for little. The boy who earns his money by good hard work is likely to find it harder to part with than if it had just dropped into his pocket from a generous hand.

A young man who was describing his own care in spending money said that he knew what a cent was worth, because he used to dig fishworms, carry them four miles, and sell them for ten cents a hundred. Now,



when you have dug up a hundred worms, to be sold at ten for a cent, and have walked four miles to market the result of your mining, you have learned that a cent amounts to something.

And it does. Suppose you spend three cents for candy. The candy is gone in about three minutes. If you had a dollar in the savings bank, it would probably take that dollar a whole year to earn three cents for you, in what the bank would pay you for the use of the dollar.

The biggest business men are the most careful about spending in their business. There is a certain food product that sells for five cents. It seems strange that it can be sold for so little. The maker was asked how he made any money at that price. He replied, "Do you notice that the corners are not square, but are cut off a little? What we save on those corners is our profit." You see how closely thoughtful men calculate on spending.

A man of wealth took a pair of shoes to the cobbler to be repaired. He asked the price. The cobbler told him. "No," said the man, "I shall not have the work done,

for the shoes are not worth it." He was a student of values.

If men with plenty of money are so careful about spending, how about the need for care in your own money-spending, while you are forming your habits for life?

Suppose you ask yourself these questions when that dime gets to burning a hole in your pocket, and you want to buy something with it:

Do I need the thing I want, or do I only just want it?

Will it make me any better in any way?

Is it worth the dime, taking into account what that dime cost me, or cost some one who gave it to me?

Is the money really mine to spend, or do I owe it to some one else?

Now that I have the money, what is the best use I can make of it?

How much of that dime should I save?

How much should I give away to help some one else?

If a fellow will give himself an honest answer to these plain questions, his savings bank will give a heavier "ker-chink" when he shakes it; perhaps some other boy out in the

mission field will have a book, or a week's schooling, or a Bible, or some food to keep him from starving; and the thing the straight-seeing, careful boy will buy with his money will be something the value of which he has really considered.

## JUST NEGLECTED

A GOOD many of us think that we are much more excusable when we have just neglected to do the thing we were expected to do, than if we had done some sort of damage that we were not expected to do.

Crash! goes the ball through the plate-glass window. There was no neglect about that. We don't even try to make any excuse for it. We tell how it occurred, and take our medicine.

But when the letter that should have been mailed three days ago falls out of a pocket just as we are turning handsprings, we apologize by saying that we are sorry we forgot about it. Perhaps the damage was far worse than broken glass, but somehow neglect seems different.

The new bicycle can be kept new in appearance for months. It is out in the rain one day, and then it isn't cleaned for twenty-four hours. It is just neglected, that's all. When father looks at it he seems surprised to find the spokes rusted. Then you light-

heartedly explain that you forgot to clean the wheel. Letting the wheel alone at the wrong time can do as much positive damage as hitting it with a hammer in the wrong places. Yet somehow we don't have quite the same feeling about neglecting the wheel that we should have about smashing it up stupidly and wilfully.

The trouble is that we don't realize what little difference there is between doing the wrong thing and not doing the right thing. The railroad man knows. It is just as bad for an engineer not to see the signals as it is for him to see white when the light is really red. Not seeing is no more excusable in him than seeing wrong, and the wreck on the road may be equally bad in either case.

The boy at the seashore who neglects to pull his boat up far enough from the tide is just as much cast away on the island when the boat floats away as if he had cut the painter with a knife, and had pushed the boat away from shore with his own hands. The camper who neglects to put matches in his pack has just as hard a time to make a fire as if he had purposely thrown his box of matches out into the lake.

No, neglecting to do the right thing has the same consequences as doing the wrong thing. A boy doesn't show good sense when he makes light of his neglects. Promises must be kept. Broken things must be fixed. Rust must be given no opportunity to get its ruinous grip upon tools or upon character. The running gear on sailing boats often must be carefully overhauled to see that no part of it is too much worn, or too stiff, or in a condition to jam; for when the squall comes, every rope must be free to do its work without a hitch, every block must be clear and running smoothly, or no one knows what damage may result.

Let's not get into the easy way of saying, "Oh, I just neglected it, that's all!" Let's be as much on our guard against neglect as we would be against doing the most direct harm we can think of. Let's be right "on the job"!

## “OPENED BY CENSOR”

**H**OW would you like to have all the letters you write opened and read by some one you do not know? You probably do not have enough personal correspondence to keep any one busy opening it, and your letters probably contain very few state secrets, but it isn't pleasant to think of strangers opening and reading your letters, even if you only say:

“Dear Jim, I wish you would cum and make me a vizit this summer. We can swim and go fishing and” —

Well, you know how you would write to your old pal Jimmy. You wouldn't say anything that others couldn't safely read — if they could make out the writing and the spelling — but the letter would be for Jim, not for any letter opener on the way.

Now the writer of these words has a letter in his pocket from a friend in London, and right over the top of the letter is pasted a big white label, on which in big black letters are the words, “Opened by Censor.”

It doesn't say who this man Censor is.

He may be a woman. In war days "Censor" must be a good many different persons, for the governments feel that they must see that no letters go out of a country, or come into it, without being read by a censor. The censor must strike out of a letter anything that the government would not want people to learn. So letters going to or coming from a war zone are not private. They are public and open to the censor; some of them never get to the persons to whom they are addressed. The censor just stops such letters. Why, a missionary on his way home from Syria was examined at one of the Turkish ports, and not only were all letters of every kind taken from him, but every bit of paper with any writing on it, including even his small engagement book, had to be left in the hands of the authorities. The only way letters can safely be carried in that part of the world in war-time is underneath your hat, far underneath it, in the little memory boxes in your brain. The censor can't look there.

When we seal up a letter, we naturally suppose that this makes it private. The government sometimes thinks otherwise, how-



ever. When we think our thoughts, and do things, good or bad, which we suppose no one else observes, we imagine that no censor, at least no human censor, is going to note these thoughts or deeds. But all such things do come to light, and the envelopes in which we think they are hidden turn up labeled, "Opened by Censor." For our thoughts, as well as our deeds, come to the surface, where others may easily read them. There is no use in trying to cover up what we don't want known. It is far better to have nothing to cover up!

In the letter quoted at the beginning of this talk, there was nothing that could not be safely read by the censor. Indeed, as the watchful eyes ran over it, they must have been glad to read such a happy, cheery message as that letter was.

Fellows, is there anything about your plans for to-day, or for any day, that you wouldn't want the folks at home to open and read? Is there anything in them that you wouldn't expect the most loving and searching Censor, the Lord Jesus, wholly to approve? If there is, then bury or burn those plans!

## WHEN WHITE IS BLACK

ONE thing which is sometimes called "white" is, in fact, always black. Some call it "white" because its real color is hard for many persons to see. This thing which some of us call "white," which always is black, is the white lie.

The white lie is one that is supposed to help the other fellow, and seems so harmless that it doesn't seem to amount to anything; or perhaps it is intended to keep us out of trouble, without seeming to harm any one else.

To some fellows, the white lie is as handy as a pocketknife. It cuts almost any knot. It shapes up almost any circumstance that no other knife could touch. It scratches out blots. It is so handy to use, and so effective, that it isn't quite safe to go to school without it, or to go home at the day's end without it. The white lie is a very handy tool.

But it is a queer tool. Unlike a good knife, there is always something about it that you want to keep covered up. The white

lie is black, when you see its true color, and it has a wicked handle that cuts the hand which holds it.

Why isn't the white lie as white as we wish to think it is? Why does it cut both ways? Just because it is a lie, and a lie never can be anything but black, and never can do anything but harm. You might just as well talk about deadly gas being harmless, or a dishonest boy meaning well, as to talk of a white lie. The nature of the thing is black. You couldn't trust a God who could lie. You never trust solidly in any fellow who brags about how cleverly he lied to shield himself, or even to shield some one else, from trouble. God can give us the right to do many things, but we couldn't think of trusting him if we believed that he could give us the right to tell lies.

It's a temptation for a fellow to twist the truth, or to say what isn't so, in order to help some one else. But when he does that, he uses a tool that has on it God's warning marks of disapproval. If you tell what isn't so, with the intention of deceiving some one, you never can change the character of that act by calling it "white."

Any boy who thinks that a little white lying works pretty well should read what Dr. Richard Cabot, a leading Boston doctor, says about it. No boy in school is ever more tempted to lie in a good cause than a doctor who wants to keep from a sick man the real truth about himself. Dr. Cabot says this :

“Lies work only as long as confidence is firm. But every lie undermines confidence. I never have known a patient made worse by learning the nature of his disease. The liar is trying to cut off the branch on which he sits, to destroy the credit and confidence that makes it possible to deceive any one. Because God is in his world, we fight against reality, against the universe, when we raise our puny voices to lie.”

Doesn't that white lie look rather black?

## A NEVER-EMPTY POCKETBOOK

**H**E WAS a boy very much like you, a fun-loving, go-ahead boy, with a liking for lots of the good things you like. He was exercising in the school gymnasium at recess when something fell out of one of his pockets, and some of the boys laughed. (I wonder what would fall out of your pocket, if you should hang head down from a horizontal bar?) The boy picked up the fallen object, put it into his pocket again, and went on as before. And he kept on carrying it, too, in spite of the laugh, and now that he is a big fellow, more than six feet tall, he still keeps that same thing in one of his pockets. The laugh didn't hinder him.

What startled some of the boys in the gym was to see a Testament drop from another boy's pocket. But why? Isn't the Book good enough to carry? Isn't there anything in it worth reading? Why not that book in a boy's pocket, if any reading at all is ever tucked away there, or even if nothing else is so carried? Some fellows are not yet quite level-headed on such a question. They

wouldn't laugh if a dime novel fell out. They would jump for it, and the quickest boy would borrow it. What's the trouble with a good copy of the New Testament?

None whatever. The trouble is all in the mind of the boy who thinks it's queer to have one with him. That Book, taken together with the Old Testament, is the book of greatest interest to more people on the face of the earth than any other book known to mankind. Why not to a sensible boy?

There are thousands of boys, and thousands of men, in many parts of the world to-day who are carrying a pocket New Testament, and reading something from it every day. They belong to the Pocket Testament League. They also belong to the very sensible company of boys and men who know a good plan when they see it. The laugh is on the fellow who doesn't know enough to do likewise, or, for some queer reason, is ashamed to.

Why, you are not even well educated if you are ignorant of that Book. There are the most interesting doings in it; the bravest, whitest, most glorious heroism in it that you could possibly imagine — and more. And

it gives you such light as no other book can give when things look dark and you don't know how you are ever going to get on.

A boy who will carry a book like that in his pocket is pretty likely to get some of it into his life. I saw one day a little Bible that a young Scotchman had carried in his pocket during years of fighting to defend the old faith, the old Church, that he loved. And that very Bible upon which I looked had been handed by him to his wife as he stood on the scaffold in the old Grassmarket in Edinburgh about to give up his life. But Captain John Paton was no more loyal to the best and truest in life than you want to be, and can be. It's a warfare that we are in, and the King whom we serve gives us his counsel, his commands, in his Book. Before you try to get on without that, remember that loyal service ought to be intelligent service.

If you should do the giant swing, or walk on your hands along the parallel bars, would just stuff and nonsense drop out of your pockets, or perhaps the Book? And when you come to do with head and heart harder things than those, what will go out of your doings that will be of use to others?

## "SWEET CAKES AND NO AXE!"

**T**HAT was a wet night at Bog Pond! The woods and the ground and the sky above us, and the big swampy pond near us, were all as wet as wet could be, and we were wet, too. Five of us had made our way up through the dripping woods and across some swampy land, and had ferried ourselves over the pond in a small boat to a little camp that we found just beyond the edge of the cliff. Since there was room in the cabin for only two of us, we pitched our army shelter tent just outside, and in that three of us intended to sleep. As we had two tents with us, we doubled the thickness of the shelter by using both of them.

As we were clearing our supper away, four men and a boy appeared, plunging excitedly into the little clearing around the camp. We soon learned that they were really lost, although I suppose they could have found their way out after a fashion. They had started to find a camp in that region, but were not able to, and consequently found themselves without shelter.



Those men were a sight. They were soaked through, and they had no camping outfit with them. They begged us to do something for them, so we took a part of our shelter tent and pitched it back of our cabin, and then made room for the boy in the cabin itself. The men built a big fire in front of their tent, and two of them sat up all night to keep it going in order to make it more comfortable for the older men of the party.

In the morning, when the grateful wanderers were about to go away from the camp, they turned over to us the provisions they had not used. They were on their way home and would need nothing more. Among these provisions was a fruit cake.

These men, the night before, had been obliged to borrow an axe to get wood for their fire. Now one of our number was an observant young man who had lived in the country most of his life, and was accustomed to be prepared for almost anything that might occur in the woods. As the wanderers were making their way off through the woods, he said significantly, looking at the cake, “Well, well! a sweet cake — and no axe!”

Those men were not unlike other men, or boys — some boys. It is so easy for almost any of us to be unprepared and to plan for burdens which will be of no use to us in our undertaking. Indeed, many a boy will take a lot of trouble to prepare luxuries for himself when he ought to be preparing necessities. Sometimes in our very studies we make this mistake. We take things that are easy and simple, but which after all will be of very little use in training us for difficult places in our lives.

True mastery of one's work comes from preparation. I heard an educator say that he would rather give a man thirty years of preparation and three years of work, than three years of preparation and thirty years of work. I don't know whether you would all agree with that or not, but there was a truth in it.

The path over which we are going through life may take you into deep woods, and may keep you there over night; and when you are there you will want to have an axe far more than you will want to have cake. Don't forget the axe!

## THROUGH THE BREAKERS

**I**T SEEMED all right when the yacht put out from harbor and slipped away to sea by the North Channel. The sun was shining brilliantly. The wind was fresh and keen, and the little party in the boat believed they were off for a fine sail.

By the middle of the afternoon the shore was miles away, and with the waning light came just a little stiffening of the breeze, and the horizon thickened. The sea took on a touch of gray, and the waves began to toss their broken edges into foam.

The old seaman at the tiller saw that the breeze was fresher now, that the tide was running out, and from the direction of the wind, he believed that there would be more sea on the bar than when he came out. Without consulting his three passengers, he put his boat about and headed for shore.

By this time the breeze was strong and vicious. Flaws were striking the water with dark shadows. All the other boats had been running for harbor for some moments before the "Flash" was put about.

The skipper of the "Flash" knew that there were two channels leading into the harbor, one at each end of the bar. When the sea was heavy, these channels were not always fit for small boats. It seemed to him that the South Channel was perhaps better to try than the North, so he made for that. When he reached it, the wind was stronger than ever, and he saw the breakers tumbling clear across the channel. He fought his way up to the North Channel, and found that that, too, was white with broken water.

There was only one thing now that he could do, if he was to make harbor with any hope of keeping his boat afloat—he must go down to the middle of the bar where there was a little depth of water, and try to cross in the surf, running his boat straight for the harbor at right angles with the bar, and trusting that the seas might not break over the stern.

He put life preservers on the two women passengers, while he and the man passenger made ready to manage the boat on the dangerous run. Straight at the bar they drove, and the yacht lifted to a sea that followed. They swept forward in the white water, were

buffeted by the surf, lifted high by one wave after another, and finally were carried clear of the bar, and into the quieter waters beyond. Only the finest seamanship could have done this with the little yacht, and only a perfect knowledge of the water and the tides could have made it in the least reasonable for a man to dare the run that the skipper made.

It makes a big difference when you have the right captain in your boat. There is a good deal of water through which a boy must sail day in and day out where he is a stranger. He doesn't know the depth; he doesn't know the channel. He needs One at the helm who knows all this, who can steer straight through the heavy seas.

You may not be the sort of fellow who imagines that he knows it all, or who allows his boat to be hung up on a sand bar, or capsized in the surf. You may have sense enough to know when you don't know, and to trust some one who knows more than you do. It is a bit of a temptation to some fellows, however, to think that they can go along without a Pilot. It may seem rather fine to be able to run our own craft wherever we please, but the fact is that we simply don't

know how to do it. A boy shows his real character, his real sense, when he is willing to trust his affairs to One who is eager and ready to guide on fair days and foul. Jesus has been over your sailing ground. He knows the way to harbor in storm and in fog and in heavy sea. If you'll just let him take the tiller, he will see you across into the quiet water. Doing that will make all the difference between a wreck and a good landing.

Will you turn the helm over to him?

## THE CUSHION OR THE CLIMB?

A MAN who was walking one day along a busy city street saw coming toward him a faultlessly dressed little woman whom he knew. He stopped to speak with her. Since he had last seen her she had become famous as an explorer, a climber of mountain peaks not before reached by any woman. Her stories of adventurous ascents were in the magazines, her lectures were largely attended. On the sidewalk that morning she looked much as other well-dressed women do, only that she walked particularly well, and as she talked her eyes fairly shone with interest.

For Miss Dora Keen had learned the joy of doing something that took courage, and muscle, and endurance, something harder than most people ever attempt. And one thing she said would go straight to the heart of any true boy. Indeed, she seemed like a vigorous boy as she stood there telling of her experiences. "I used to go up mountains just as other people do, by train, or in

some other easy way; but I never knew anything about the real joy of reaching a mountain peak until I climbed some of the highest and hardest. Oh, then you appreciate so much more what it is to be in such a place!" she exclaimed. It was worth while to have stopped for a few moments to get that enthusiastic word.

This message is being written beside Echo Lake in Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, just over the big hill that mounts a steep three miles above the valley; and not far away is the trail that leads for three miles its stony way up the sides of Mount Lafayette. Only a few years ago one used to see any number of trampers with their packs and alpenstocks, climbing toward the base of Lafayette, and then up the rough trail to the glorious cloud-capped summit. Many a husky boy about your age has made that trip.

To-day the trampers are few. Anywhere near the hill you can hear the roaring staccato of the automobile engines driving great cars up the steep road. And resting easily in the cushioned seat of that one just grinding past is a big, broad-shouldered boy who



by a touch of his foot or his finger mounts to the Notch; and does he halt at the trail where it starts up Lafayette? Probably he never even sees it, as his car bowls along the now level road, and then switches down the first short slope toward the Flume. A few years ago that boy would have climbed Lafayette. It really isn't a hard climb. But now the trail isn't much used, and countless cars flit past its opening in the woods.

Has the boy in the car lost something that Dora Keen found?

To-day, while these words are being written, four boys are on their way up the Lafayette trail. It will take them about three hours to reach the rocky summit. They will earn all they get. When they emerge from the timber, the cloud drift from the south will be close about them. At the summit they will breathe exhilarating, tingling air, and their eyes will range over a tremendous panorama of mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, forest and crag, sunshine and fleeting cloud shadows, and the joy of endurance and achievement will be theirs.

The true summit always is the hard work in itself, toughening to the fiber, and giving

a new outlook quickening to the spirit. Fellows, are you getting a little too much interested in the easy-cushion sort of thing, and the lever that will turn a giant loose to do your work for you? Then you are going to miss something that the race of mankind needs from you—the willingness to see and to practise the uses of hard tasks that belong to what is most worth your while.

## THAT SISTER OF YOURS

“OH, WELL, she’s only my sister!” In that offhand way the boy who doesn’t know as much as he thinks he does disposes of his own discourtesy or carelessness toward the girl who calls him “brother.”

That’s one way of looking at it, and a very poor way, too. A boy’s attitude toward his sister tells a good deal about the kind of fellow he really is. If he treats her contemptuously, ignores her in the family plans, does nothing much to help her, and strides along in his magnificent superiority with hardly a thought of her, he is showing a weakness of character that needs pretty prompt attention. It isn’t enough that he should be polite and kind to some other fellow’s sister; he needs to show no less degree of politeness and of kindness toward his own sister.

A good many boys do not realize at all how much help a girl needs from her brother. Oh, no, she won’t say that she does. But put yourself in her place. Until she gets well on in her teens, and often even then, she

likes about the same outdoor games that a boy likes. She can play tennis well; she plays a pretty fair game of basket ball; she can row and swim, and take hikes, and go camping and fishing; she can ride a horse, or a bicycle, and she can keep a boy on tiptoe in any kind of nature study in field or forest. No, Thomas, you are not usually as quick-minded as the girls for whom you may have a wholly unwarranted contempt! In one college where boys and girls study and recite together, fellows much older than you say that it isn't such a bad thing for them to have to compete with the brighter minds of the girl students. You have got to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of a bright girl in study, or in a game that takes brains. The kind of help your sister needs may be encouragement to make a start in some of these things in which you have had experience. She may get ahead of you before you know it, but what she needs from you at first is a little leadership, and then good, hearty companionship in the best things. The more you treat her as you would treat a chum, the better she likes it, and the more she will be helped by you.

But if she isn't able to get out and do much, and has no use for the things that interest you? Well, that's a great chance for you to show what at least one brother can do to prove that the fine brotherly spirit isn't dead in your neighborhood. Talk with her about her interests. Tell her what you have seen and heard that would give her glimpses of the life outside her usual surroundings. Bring back books from the library that you believe she would like. Her spirit may be too gentle and fine for you to understand wholly, but make a try for it, and before you know it she will be teaching you a few lessons that will do no harm, just by the way she lives. Get to know that sister of yours.

Come, fellows, let us drop the cheap "only-my-sister" talk, and begin at home the chivalry by which we would gladly be known in other homes.

## KILLING TIME

**T**IME disappeared yesterday and went away beyond recall. Time is coming like the wind toward us now, as we look forward to to-morrow. Time is here to-day, at this moment, and is one of our most precious possessions; yet we talk about plans for killing it!

There is always something wrong about a boy who tries to see how he can kill time. If he succeeds, it is only to his own hurt, because he cannot kill time without killing other things as well; his shot will always take in something else on the way. For instance, you cannot kill time without at the same time destroying an opportunity. Time could have been used just then for something worth while, and opportunity died with time. There is one very busy man who makes a great many addresses to boys, and to grown folks, too. He travels up and down the face of the earth, and is known in many parts of the world. He writes books and articles for papers and a great many letters

to his friends. His principal public work is speaking, but he has written so many books and so many articles, and keeps all this up so steadily, that people sometimes wonder how he ever can do so much. He answers that he writes many of his articles between meetings. By that he means that after a meeting is over, instead of wasting time over what he has said, instead of killing time until the next meeting comes along later in the day, he goes to his room and writes an article or two, allows time to brush up on his preparation for his next meeting, and then he is ready to speak. He never has time to think about killing time, because he knows so well how to use it.

No boy is living at his best if he has to sit and wonder very long how he is going to put in the time between one school day and the next, or one meal and the next. It is said that a man was once asked if he liked work. He insisted that he did, but said that he never liked to work between meals. If that poor chap ever had any boys, it is pretty hard to see how they would come out.

One of our busiest men says that he has blocked out his time so carefully that, un-

less illness or something of the kind should break in on his program, he can tell almost to the hour what he will be doing six months hence. In that way, he goes through an immense amount of work without strain. Each day has its duties and its recreations. If you should meet this man, you would find him one of the most delightful men you ever met. He always seems to have plenty of time for you, and seems not to be in a hurry; he has written several shelves of books, and to-day writes about ten thousand words a week, besides a lot of other work, and he very seldom works at night. He never tries to kill time, because he uses time to such good advantage day in and day out.

Fellows, there is so much to be done in this old world that it is pretty poor business for any of us to hang around, and go about our work or our play half asleep and wondering how to kill time. There is something else we ought to kill instead, and that is our short-sighted sense of what time is for, and our indifference to the use to which we put our time. We haven't any of it to waste. For us time may be short or long — we never know. But let's be thankful that it is here



now, and that we have a little section of it to work up into the best results that can be gained by a live boy in a live way!

## USING OUR MISTAKES

**H**E WAS a tennis player who was very much in earnest, a boy who wanted to be at his best, and didn't intend to play a poor game if he could help it. He asked an older man who understood the game thoroughly to watch him while he played, and to criticize his methods.

After the game was over, the boy came to the side of the court for his friend's judgment.

"Do you really want to know what I think of your game?" asked the friend.

"Indeed I do," said the boy. "Tell me exactly what you think, and tell me why it is that I do not win more games."

"Well," said his friend, "if you really want to know, I'll tell you. I think your mistakes trouble you far too much. Every time you send a ball into the net, or put one outside the lines, you examine your racket, shake your head, and seem very much concerned about it. Now, that kind of thing hinders your playing. You should play

straight ahead, learning what you can from your mistakes, yet not grieving over them, or making any fuss about them. If you keep thinking about your mistakes you can't give your attention to winning."

Another boy, who had the feeling that he was not good at anything, gave up wood-working in his school course, thinking that he had no special gift in that direction. One day, shortly after the opening of the school, he met the manual-training teacher, who said to him, greatly to the boy's surprise: "I am sorry to hear that you are not going to take wood-working this year. You were so good at it. I had hoped that you would go on."

"Why," said the boy, "I had no idea I was good at it. I thought I did pretty poor work."

"Yes, and that is just your trouble!" exclaimed his teacher. "It is only once in a great while that I find a boy who does as good work as you do. But when you make the least mistake, you are so troubled over it that you get into the habit of thinking you can't do good work at all. I hope you will go on with the course."

That was a tremendously encouraging surprise to the boy who had thought his work was so poor, and he at once planned to take the course. If he had allowed his mistakes to be the deciding factor, and if his teacher had failed to point out the good side of his work, he might have missed a fine bit of mind and hand training.

While we should not let our mistakes lead us to give up in hopelessness, neither should we think of them so lightly that we shall become indifferent and careless. The best thing we can do with a mistake is to use it as a stone in the building of character. Mistakes make wonderfully fine material for this, if they are used as instructors and not as discouragers.

One of the most accurate and painstaking men that the writer ever knew said this: "Let no one of us congratulate himself on being free from blundering; for every one of us is a blunderer. Let no one of us be overdependent when he finds that he has blundered; for no one of us is alone in his blundering. Let no one of us think lightly of his blundering, or fail to watch against his liability to blunder."

The next time you're tempted to drag into all your work, or into any recreation, the mistake that you have made, just let it be a point in a lesson learned, and cheerily go on to the next thing. If God should remember all our mistakes against us, and remind us of them every little while, what an awful climb through the dark this life would be.

## “GETTING BY”

SOME words or phrases sneak into the good company of other words, just as some boys who are crooked will once in a while get in where they can work their particular sort of evil. They “get by.”

Every little while that phrase sneaks into some one's speech. A public speaker's address was mentioned as one that “got by.” It was liked, and seemed to do its proper work — that was all. It was passable, and nothing more. A boy says of a test or examination, “I got by.”

The trouble is that a good many boys get into the way of using this phrase, with scarcely a thought of what it means, while the idea back of it gets by into their way of thinking, with poisonous results.

For getting by hints at poor work which just barely passes, sneaking stuff that escapes detection, smartness that fools some one, a twist and a turn and a dodge that succeeds, just as the boy who hasn't a ticket for the game somehow gets by the man at the gate.

The phrase isn't just slang. There is some slang that has a lot of good sense in it, though the danger is that youngsters will use so much of it that an all-round vocabulary is lost through disuse of other words. But this phrase isn't even good slang, because it carries along with it an idea that is cheap and mean.

Such slang, too, has a very foxy way of burrowing in the mind until its idea is at home there. It doesn't merely cripple the tongue, but it digs holes in the mind. A fellow gets into the way of thinking the words which at first he says carelessly, and his thoughts finally change his ideals. Getting by gives us a wrong view of life.

You know how it is in school. Just passing is poor business. If you study just to get passing marks, you are pretty nearly wasting your time. Your aim should be higher than merely getting by.

If you are working in an office, and are particular never to be early in starting your day, and never to be late in closing it, particular never to make record time on any errand, and to have the pencils only decently sharp, but not very — why, you may get by

with the chief, but you may be sure that some day another fellow will get by you in another sense of the word.

The world badly needs boys and men who are eager to do more than just barely enough. Margins on books and on a boy's work are what make the pages stand out clearly. Andrew Carnegie said to a graduating class of boys: "There are those who do not do all their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class far better than the other two, who do their duty, and a little more. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty, and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

Getting by? Boys, let's put decent slang against poor slang, and "cut it out!"



## BUILT LIKE A WATCH

YOU can overhaul your bicycle with a screw driver, an oil can, and a good monkey wrench ; but you never dare to tackle any watch trouble in that way. The man of experience, with a magnifying glass at his eye, is none too expert to put a watch into running order. The machinery is too fine for coarse tools or unskilled hands.

There was once a boy named Edward Howard, who had a great liking for working with the most delicate mechanism. While he was still a boy he made some clocks that are in good running order to-day, although he lived nearly a hundred years ago. As he grew older, he became very expert in the invention of watchmaking machinery. This was a new idea in America then, for at that time watchmaking was all done by hand. Handwork meant considerable variation in the different parts, whereas by machinery Howard expected to make all parts uniform. In telling of his experiences he wrote :

“In the exquisitely fine wheels and screws

and pinions that make up the parts of a watch, the less variation, the better. Understand that some of these parts are so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. A variation of one five-thousandth of an inch would throw the watch out altogether, or make it useless as a timepiece."

Some of Edward Howard's friends laughed at him for thinking that he could make better watches than were then in use. Others thought he was foolish to be as particular as he was about the work that he turned out. But he never changed his ideals on that account. He said, "I would rather break up a watch movement than have it go out imperfect. My standard for every watch that bore my name was that it be fit to present to the President of the United States."

"Built like a watch" is a great thing to be able to say of any work you turn out. But back of the work is the boy himself. He must have in his own soul the qualities that he expects to put into any delicately adjusted and useful product. A loose-minded, careless, don't-care fellow will not be able to make anything reliable. His hand will be

inaccurate, his judgment poor, his ideas too ordinary to raise his work above the dead level of other ordinary work around him. A good many fellows are trying to produce fine work from impossible habits of mind and body, and are making a failure of it. You must be "built like a watch" in your thinking machinery, if you are going to build watches. You must have character before your work can have it. You never can do any work without revealing in that work what you are, and the only way to produce anything that will stand the test is to be the kind of fellow who can stand the test.

To be built like a watch means that you have the ability to go right on keeping faith with your job, under all sorts of difficulties. Before a fine watch is sold it is tested in various positions, and in a very hot oven, as well as in a refrigerator. If it varies from day to day, it must be gone over, and corrected, and then tested all over again. Unless we can do our work under all sorts of difficulties, just going steadily on, we, too, need adjustment. We, too, need to get back into the steady, reliable way of running.

Isn't it great to think that we are in the

hands of a Maker who can do more wonderful things with us, and for us, than Edward Howard or any other watchmaker ever did for a fine watch?

## A BOY OF THE FIRST CLASS

ONE bright clear summer morning, a man was sitting out in the open air with his paper in hand. Glancing through the columns of war news, his eyes rested upon Vice Admiral Jellicoe's report of the big sea fight off the coast of Denmark. It was a remarkable story from the very beginning. As he read on, suddenly the man's eyes were arrested by this paragraph:

"The fortitude of the wounded was admirable. A boy of the first class, John Travers Cornwall, of the 'Chester,' was mortally wounded early in the action. Nevertheless, he remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders until the end of the action, with the gun's crew dead or wounded all around him. His age was less than sixteen and a half years. I regret that he has since died. I recommend his case for special recognition, in justice to his memory, and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him."

What a picture that was! A boy not much

older than some of you, in the thick of that awful fight to the west of Jutland Bank, standing there after his comrades had been killed all about him, unmoved and unmoving, in the thick of the fire, obeying his orders to the very end. Where the man sat reading that account, he could hear the song of birds, and could feel upon his face the sweet air of a drowsy July morning. Within the house, his own boys were just getting ready for the day, a quiet day of happiness, of peace, and of boyish sport. What a contrast to the story of that wild afternoon and night when, on the open sea, the vessels of the two great fleets poured out their thunderous fires across the intervening spaces, while that plucky boy stood, mortally wounded, to the very end of his round of duty!

How would those boys just waking to a quiet day in the country have stood out in such circumstances? What would you have done, you bright young fellow just breaking into your teens? Would you, mortally wounded, have stood squarely by your post through the thick of the hottest fire?

You would have had the courage to do so, and so would those boys in the country

home, just in so far as you each had become a boy "of the first class." Of course, the phrase "first class," as Vice Admiral Jellicoe used it, applied to a certain rank in the plan of the British Navy. But how well that same phrase applies to the boy himself, apart from any rank he may have held! The vice admiral himself could not have stood above him in character, or in the doing of his duty. He was indeed a boy of the first class. Are you of the first class in spirit and action, and in character throughout?

Some of you may think that if you could have been in that fight you would have shown the same spirit that young Cornwall showed. Of course you would. Some of the folks who know you best would feel perfectly sure of it, too. Yet, don't you know that it is sometimes harder to show that same spirit in the humdrum, everyday things, than it would be when shot and shell were flying about you, and the thunder of big guns was in your ears? Do you realize that it sometimes takes more real courage to do your everyday duty than it would take to be a soldier? Why, some of the great heroes of these big days of ours are fellows who never

come into any great, exciting crisis like that ! It is a heroic thing, and it puts a fellow into the first class, if, day by day, he will do the hard, ordinary, unheard-of, and unmentioned thing that very few other people will ever know he has done.



## “HE’S A FRIEND OF MINE”

A LAWYER was in an elevator with some men he did not know, when a big fellow among them began swearing. He used the name of God wickedly and loosely, and seemed to think nothing of it.

The lawyer touched his arm, and said quietly, “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Instantly the man stopped, looked troubled, and then exclaimed, “You’re right, you’re right! I shouldn’t do that. I just don’t think what I am saying.” And then the two had a pleasant talk together.

That same lawyer has made it his habit for years to speak to swearing men when he can. If a man is using the name of Jesus or God roughly, he says to the man, “Please don’t do that; you’re speaking of a friend of mine.” And he has never met with any one who did not listen to him as a gentleman should. It is one way he has of testifying to his love for his Lord and Saviour.

That kind of work can be done by man or boy. Some young college boys were having

a class supper. One of the fellows started a coarse song to the tune of a hymn. Others joined in. Then one boy who wasn't known to be specially religious jumped up and called out, "None of that, fellows! No sacrilege here! We can have a good time, but none of that!" He sat down; the song faded away and stopped, and then without a word something else was taken up. There was no offense. It was just the clean, manly thing to do, and the crowd knew it.

It isn't sissy or goody-goody to take a stand in such things. It is what every decent boy is moved to do, though a good many are prevented by cowardice. There is no reason for being afraid. The thing that will hurt most is to keep still when you should speak; to fail to protest when you know that a wrong thing is going on, in which you, by your silence, seem to share. Sometimes you can show where you stand by a word, sometimes by leaving the room, or the crowd, sometimes by a quiet talk with the leaders in such doings. But to let the rest suppose that you like uncleanness by laughing at it, or that you don't object to profanity, by peacefully letting the name of your best

Friend be treated with contempt, are forms of cowardice that do a great deal to break down your own moral character.

Profanity is nearly always unthinking. It becomes a habit. The swearer half the time has no idea that he is using such language, and when you remind him of it, he looks surprised.

Sometimes the surprise comes in a way that completely changes a man's habit. There was a man who was known as the most profane man in the big freight yards where he worked. He was a conductor, and his conducting was done to the crack of oaths, just as some drivers are always cracking a whip over their team. One night he attended an evangelistic meeting out in the country. The preacher, under the power of God's Spirit, got hold of that foul-mouthed man, and he became a new man. One of the first signs of this newness was this — he simply forgot all about swearing. His men were amazed when he went about among them as a Christian gentleman. He told the writer of these words that he doesn't even think of swear words now. They have just dropped away from him like the worn-out rags of an old

garment that has been replaced by a new suit. And what he practises he preaches — a gospel of clean speech — so that his train crews know just where he stands.

## WHEN FATHER DOESN'T UNDERSTAND

SOME of us get a good deal of rather painful enjoyment out of thinking we are misunderstood. When Jim kicked the paint off the door, slammed that door behind him, and dashed out into the yard after he had been overhauled by father, he soothed his ruffled feelings by the thought that father never did understand him, anyhow. It always had been so, these long ten or twelve years, since Jim had come under such unintelligent care, and of course it would always be so. This thought gave Jim the feeling of a martyr.

Perhaps there were some things about Jim that his father did not quite understand. The father was always doing kindly things for the boy, and yet right after some kindness Jim would break out with hot, impatient words, or neglect his work badly, or refuse to sacrifice something for the family interest. Then his father would show signs of "not understanding" Jim, and presently doors would slam.

One trouble with Jim was that he seldom tried to find out honestly and squarely where he had been in the wrong. He never had the least trouble, however, in seeing wherein his father was all wrong. That way of thinking cost Jim a great deal, because while discovering points at which his father ought to improve, he was all the time missing the points at which he himself might improve. There are several other fellows like Jim still living in this country.

One of the things that is hardest for a father to understand in his boy is just why his boy doesn't try to understand himself. The boy who has the habit of thinking his father doesn't understand him needs to go off into a quiet place by himself, and prayerfully ask God to show him how he may discover in his own life everything that is now hindering him from entering into sympathy with a good father's ideals for him. A boy has a wonderful lot to learn from a father who is striving to lead him into the right way of living. A fellow might just as well complain that his coach doesn't understand him, because the coach is always pointing out places at which he can improve his running,

or jumping, or baseball playing; or that his teacher doesn't understand him, because the teacher is good enough to call his attention to ways in which he can improve.

There are some fathers who do indeed grow away from their boyhood, so that it is harder for them than for some men to realize what a boy has to put up with. Yet just here the boy himself can be a great help to his father, if he will talk to him freely about his school and other interests, and not be too easily turned aside from this if his father looks tired or not very much interested. The fact is, almost every father hates to give up his boyhood, and wants to keep in touch with what his boys are doing. Often he doesn't have much opportunity to do this, partly because he is overworked, and partly because his own boys just fail to get alongside of him and let him know their hopes and fears.

A boy, you see, can do a great deal to bridge the gap which sometimes exists between his father and himself. That is, he can do it if he will be more concerned about understanding his father than he is about having his father understand him.

Let us confess frankly that one of a boy's

great troubles in dealing with his father is the fact that his father often understands him far too well, and out of his love for him doesn't hesitate to say so. The fellow who has the least idea of how valuable a good father's counsel is, will not get angry, but will quietly thank the older man for his advice, and will then see how well he can apply it to his own doings.



## SMILE!

**I**T WAS a hotly contested tennis tournament, and the players on both sides were putting up a hard fight. The losing players were beginning to feel the strain.

On that losing side, one of the players in the "doubles" wore a very gloomy look. Now gloomy looks are not just surface matters; there must be something even darker going on within. The partner on the losing side saw the cloud, and when the play had stopped for a moment, went quietly over to the player who seemed so discouraged, and said earnestly, "Smile! Don't look like that any more; brace up! Keep smiling, no matter what happens." And then with a laugh went back to her position on the court.

Her position! Yes, this wasn't a game in which the boys were playing at all; it was a girls' doubles. Now does that just take the edge off for you? It needn't, because it is perfectly fair to suggest that, if a girl can show the spirit of encouragement and determination at such a time, there is a mighty fine

point just there for a boy like yourself. If a girl can smile when she is being beaten in an exciting match, and keep on smiling straight through it, where do you come in with your "grouch," when you see another fellow getting the better of you?

These girls, who were putting up a losing fight, lost in the end, and yet that cheery, energetic and fine-spirited player who had told her partner to smile, kept right on smiling through it all. She had the sort of nerve that counts, wherever you find it.

While over in England, an American boy was asked to play in a football game. He joined in with a lot of others in the kind of football they play over there, and his side was beaten to a frazzle. The frazzle, however, didn't seem to work very much damage to the spirits of the Englishmen. The American boy, who had been accustomed to play football with the idea that the other side must be beaten at any cost, didn't quite get the spirit of school football on the other side of the water, for he was a good deal surprised when, after the game was over, one young Englishman said to him heartily, "Great game, wasn't it?" He was on the losing

side, and the American boy could hardly understand what he meant when he said that it was a great game. The English schoolboys do not expect to be beaten, if they can possibly help it; but if they are playing against a better team, and lose, they don't thereby lose their enjoyment of the game.

The trouble with gloomy looks is not just in the effect that they have upon people around us, but in what they tell about the spirit within. No fellow can ever do his best work when he is discouraged and down-cast. No fellow can put the snap into his study, or his athletics, or his work, that he ought to put, if his mind is turned in upon himself and his failures. Our task calls for all there is of us, and if we take away half our strength and spirit by getting gloomy over any situation, there isn't much of us to put into the work or the play.

No boy is too young to make up his mind that, no matter what comes his way, he will take it cheerily, especially if he finds himself the loser. The fact is that a loser is a winner when he can just keep on smiling. Can you?

## GROWING OR SWELLING

WHAT is the greeting that meets so many boys whenever a friend of the family comes into sight? You know how it sounds when you are brought to the front, and a friend of the family cries out: "Why, how he has grown! Just look at him!" It almost always makes you want to get behind a tree, or climb over the fence. Indeed, you have heard yourself exclaimed over so often that you know exactly what the next person is going to say, if he hasn't seen you for a month or two.

It may be a little embarrassing to some fellows to have that remark made about them so often. A few years later, however, when manhood has been reached, and some one says to a friend, "Well, now, take Tom Jones, he's a man who has grown in the last year," Tom Jones, if he hears about it, feels grateful for the compliment. A man is not likely to grow much taller physically after he gets into the thirties, but he wants to grow as much as he can in the biggest things that a

man can do. When some one says of him that he has grown, he is encouraged by the words.

There is another sort of enlarging, however, that isn't exactly growth. Some boys get this other sort, even while they are getting the good kind of growth. They swell; they get puffed up. Mere enlarging isn't growth. There is a fish that we boys used to catch at the seashore that would puff up like a balloon when you hauled him into the boat. That isn't growth; that's just swelling.

Did you read one of President Wilson's talks to the Press Club in Washington, that group of newspaper men who always are trying to make him talk, and to whom he sometimes talks pretty freely? This is one of the things he said to them: "A friend of mine says that every man who takes office in Washington either grows or swells; and when I give a man an office, I watch him carefully to see whether he is swelling or growing. The mischief of it is that when they swell, they do not swell enough to burst. The men who grow, the men who think better a year after they are put in office than they thought when

they were put in office, are the balance wheels of the whole thing."

Just as President Wilson watches the men whom he appoints to office, so others are watching you. They know whether you are just getting puffed up, or whether you are actually growing. Sometimes a fellow comes to think so much of himself, gets so puffed up, that he looks actually smaller to his friends than he did before, although to himself his reflection in the mirror looks very much larger. Real growth begins down deep in a fellow's life, and moves sometimes very slowly out through his whole being until, when teachers and parents and others who are interested in him, look at him, they just quietly nod their heads and say, "Well, he's coming on all right." They know the signs; they know the difference between swelling and growing. They know when a fellow is thinking clean thoughts, when he is working hard and honestly, when he is playing a square game in all that he does, and is heading toward work that is worth while.

Do you know the difference? Are you swelling a little in your own opinion, or are you actually growing?

## EXEMPT !

THERE was a fine light in the boy's eyes when he came home that day. He was so filled with news that he fairly exploded.

"Exempt! I'm exempt in everything! Yes, sir, that's right. I don't have to take a single examination, and I have a week's straight vacation. My, I'm glad! Of course I had to work as hard as I could, but it was worth it."

It took him a good while that day to get used to the idea, because it had been a long, hard pull, through thick and thin, and now he had proved to his teachers that his work was so thoroughly done, it did not need the test of the usual examination. He was exempt.

Only by very steady, high-grade work could any one bring such an event to pass in that school. It couldn't be done by a sudden spurt, by a dash in the last week. Only high marks day by day could bring exemption.

And haven't you noticed how true this is in other things beside school? A fellow who is known to be a high-grade player,



doesn't usually have to try for the team; the team tries for him. The fellow who is squarely honest day by day, both in word and act, doesn't need to be watched by a detective when you put your pocketbook in his care. He is exempt from any desire on your part to test him or to watch him. You know him by his daily record, his character.

There is a story of General Grant, Secretary Stanton, and President Lincoln that sets one thinking when he reads it. On a certain military measure, Stanton and Grant did not agree. Stanton wished to submit the matter to the President, and Grant was willing. When they met, Stanton stated the case as he saw it, and as Grant saw it, strongly urging his own idea. Lincoln turned to Grant, and asked if he had anything to say.

"Nothing, Mr. President," said Grant quietly.

Lincoln turned to Stanton and said that he thought it would be best to follow General Grant's plan, and the incident was closed. In deciding the question before him, the President simply knew his man. Grant had been tested enough.



But here's another story which is nearer home, perhaps. A boy was hunting for a job. He was a fellow who would impress one as being able to work, as well as willing to work. As he stood before a business man, who was asking him a few questions, the man said,

"Let me see your hands; not the back, but the inside."

One look, and the man shook his head regretfully. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't use you. The yellow stain is there. I won't employ a cigarette smoker."

That closed the interview. He knew the boy by the stain, and the boy was exempt, exempt from getting a good job in that establishment. The daily habit of mind and body had placed him outside that man's business plan. Smoking was a costly habit, after all, and not as much fun as it might seem.

Then there are two kinds of exemption? Oh, yes! One kind keeps others from doubting our ability to make good: the other kind prevents folks from thinking that we are likely to make good while we continue to do harmful, foolish things.

High-grade, everyday work leaves its

mark on any fellow, and so does low-grade work. And the work is a guide to others in deciding whether to shut us out from their confidence, or to trust us in further work.

Which kind of exemption is your kind?

## THE "RETURN HORSE"

OUT in the Colorado mining districts they know what "return horses" are, and in some places it would be pretty hard to get along without them. Enos A. Mills, in his book "Wild Life on the Rockies," tells a most interesting story about Midget, one of these return horses. You should read that story for yourself. In some of the mining towns, the livery-stable man has horses that will come alone, from long distances, straight back to the barn after you are through riding them. These horses are most carefully trained to find their way straight back to their stable again, and not to take too much time in getting home.

Most of the mines are on the mountain slopes above the town, and when a man wants to go up to the mine he will often ride a return horse.

On the way back, the horse must avoid being caught by any one else, and inasmuch as he may have to make his return trip in all sorts of weather, he has to be pretty clever,

and brainy, and strong. Mr. Mills says that sometimes "a great liking for grass tempts them into a ditch, where they may eat grass, even though the reins are up," and that "when a number of these horses are together, they will occasionally stay too long on the way." That sounds natural and familiar, doesn't it?

Any boy, aged anywhere from six to sixty, would do well to think often about the return horse. Mr. Mills says that he never passes one of these horses on the trail without turning to watch the horse as long as he can possibly keep him in sight, for he likes to see how quick and clever the animal is in getting down the mountain side, and in keeping on about his business.

Some of us do not show as much horse sense about this as do the fine little horses of the Colorado mining districts. We are sent off on duties of one sort or another, and, while we may go pretty well on the out trip, yet no one can quite be sure when we shall get back, because of the side issues that come up on the return. In boy life there are a good many substitutes for the grass that tempts the return horse. There are a good

many ways for a boy to get tangled up in one thing or another on his way back to the starting point, just as there are ways by which the return horse in the mountains sometimes gets trapped in the snow, or caught by his bridle on a snag.

It is a good thing to learn to be trustworthy when we are not driven or watched, but are just turned loose to go on the way that others expect us to go. It isn't just a matter of doing small errands faithfully, though that is a good deal more important than it may seem to be; trustworthiness is important for every fellow who takes up any work that must be carried through to completion at a given time and place. We should learn to keep free from entanglements along the way, and from those who would lead us off the track.

Can you be trusted when no one is around to watch you? Can you make your way through all sorts of things that try to draw a boy out of the right path, and come safely through to the end of the journey, without delay and without wandering? Some time when you are alone, and are tempted to do something that would surely mark you as

untrustworthy, or when you are given a task that is definite and clear and that has one plain end in view, and you are tempted to turn aside from it, just think of those wonderful mountains of Colorado, and the equally wonderful, intelligent, and trusted animals.

Would you make a good return horse?

## THE MOVIES OR THE MOUNTAINS?

**I**T WAS only half-past three in the morning when there was a knock at Fred's door. In a moment he was up, hurrying to the window.

He knew what the knock meant. Sunrise was almost due, and, while usually Fred wouldn't leap out of bed to see a sunrise, he didn't lose a minute this time. For he was more than six thousand feet above the sea level that morning, after a night spent on Mount Washington, and a fellow who would sleep through a Mount Washington sunrise would sleep through anything, to his own great disappointment.

Fred looked out the window of his room in the Summit House upon a huge, dark, tumbled sea of mountains, which the light of dawn was just beginning to turn gray. Above him, the silver moon floated in the half light, and the morning star shone brilliantly in the far deeps of the sky.

Then as he watched, the light of the rising sun began to weave a scarf of crimson from

the east clear around the vast horizon, and over the verge of the distant ranges the sun "came furrowing all the orient into gold."

Fred gazed upon the wonderful scene with speechless awe. He never had seen so much of the world,—at least the early-morning world,—nor that marvel of marvels, the red sun, the silver moon, and the gleaming morning star, all shining together upon the brown crags of the summits emerging from the night. He sat by the window for two hours, until the broad day flooded the sea of mountains. It was hard for the boy to leave that scene and descend into the valley.

On the evening of that day, he went to see some moving pictures in a hall in the mountain village where he was a visitor. He was a vigorous, live chap, just on the edge of his teens, and the restlessness of a boy in a new place was upon him.

When he returned, his aunt, who had been with him on the mountain, said to him, "Well, Frederick, how did you enjoy the entertainment?"

The boy looked up at her quickly. "Oh, it wasn't very much of an entertainment," he said, and then he added emphatically,



"I'm glad I have Mount Washington to think of!"

So would you have been glad. So would the contrast between the morning star above the mountain top and the movie star in the close little hall have impressed you. Oh, fellows, some of the really big things in and around this wonderful world of ours make many lesser things seem pretty cheap! Go out into the autumn woods, and scatter around you a shower of color in every handful of the leaves you toss into the air. Let the keen winds of an autumn morning blow your thought out like a rippling flag until your brain is quick and vivid with the mere joy of living. Get out among the big things of earth. If you are in the city, go where you can see the cloud galleons driving across the blue upper sea on their mysterious voy-ages across the world.

A boy who has seen the sunrise from Mount Washington, who has heard the hermit thrush in the quiet wood, who has heard the whitethroat sing by a mountain lake, who has the clouds and the stars and the sunrise for friends, is going to measure a good many other experiences by these fine and unforget-

able memories. You may never see Mount Washington, but no matter where you live, you know where to look for the marvels that God has spread before you. Will you see them, and so come to want the really fine, instead of the cheap and the tawdry things of life?

## KEEPING THE BODY AT ITS BEST

**T**HAT body of yours is a very wonderful machine. It is so much more than a machine that you cannot compare it with a fabric of steel or iron; it has that wonderful quality of life, but, just the same, it is a machine that needs tending.

A good many boys are carried away by a craze for competitive athletics, not so much for the developing of that wonderful machine, the body, but in order to beat some one else. The consequence is that in schools and colleges a good many fellows who find that they are not likely to be leading athletes, become lazy and soft, and lose the whole point of the best side of athletics. I am not objecting to competing in athletic events; I am only saying that to beat some one else is by no means the best end of athletic work; indeed, it may lead simply to overdevelopment in one direction, and sometimes to overstrain which will tell on the boy when he has become a man, in heart weakness and in other defects.

What I want to press home is the thought that every fellow ought to make sure, by some kind of training, that his body is able to do in every fiber and muscle and nerve the things that make for strength and purity and endurance in every walk of life.

It isn't always the fellow who can show under his coat sleeve a lump of muscle as big as an orange who is the strong man; that sometimes means overdevelopment. The boy who can throw straight, and see straight; who can run as far as he needs to without getting winded; who can walk his twenty-five miles a day and be fresh the next day; who can feel his nerve and his strength rising with swiftness and vigor to meet every special occasion when he must exercise strength; who can endure good hard bodily work without getting ugly or too lame or too tired over it, is a great deal better off than the fellow who can do just one athletic stunt in a fashion superior to any other boy in the school.

I don't mean that a boy should never specialize; he should, however, make sure of a well-rounded development all the time. The man who was the champion high jumper of the world for many years, William Byrd

Page of the University of Pennsylvania, was a helpless fellow with weak legs when he started out as a boy to get a little strength for muscles which would hardly work at all. He not only became the champion high jumper of the world, with a record of six feet and four inches, but was one of the best men in all-round development in the university. For instance, he would take long bicycle tours every summer; he would practise on all sorts of apparatus in the gymnasium; when he was walking between his home and college, a good long walk, too, if he had any books to carry he would divide them equally, so that he could carry the same weight in each hand, to keep the development of both arms equal.

The body is a wonderful gift of God to you, and you can store up in it the powers of endurance and quick action by healthy, outdoor, clean exercise as you can in no other way. If you find that you have a special talent in athletics, develop it in sensible ways, but never let up on the all-round development of muscle and wind and nerve and quick thinking.

Keep your whole body at its best!

## THE SHARP WORD TO MOTHER

HAVE you ever watched the fields and the hillsides on a bright summer's day, when the sun was making everything beautiful, and the clouds were sailing down the sky like great white ships? You have seen a field of flowers, perhaps, glowing in the sunshine, and then gradually shaded by a cloud shadow creeping over it, until that happy field was dark and shadowed by the cloud above it?

Perhaps some of you have seen mother's face when it was just as happy as that field of flowers, when suddenly a shadow would fall upon it like that cloud shadow, and remain there much longer than you possibly could want to see it stay. It would go away after a time, and the same happy face would be there.

Some of our boys know perfectly well what will bring that cloud more quickly than almost any other one thing can bring it; it is the sharp and unkind word that we speak to mother that just takes away the sunshine

from her face. And we are sometimes even so cruel about it that we say we don't care. We know we do care, but it may seem more independent to act as if we did not care at all. The reason why that cloud comes is because mothers never get used to a boy's sharp words to one who would gladly lay down her life for him. Mothers generally have a far too high opinion of us, and it is their love and hopefulness for us that make them think of us as a great deal better than we really are. Then, without any warning, right into the sunshine of such a love as that, sweeps a cloud of our making, because we have given rein to a flash of temper or a mean thought or a rising rebellion against authority. A good many fellows who are grown up would give many of their possessions if they could go back to-day and make perfectly sure that no such cloud of their making ever would cross mother's face any more. You boys, however, are just at the beginning, and, whether you realize it or not, you can give your mother the greatest joy by your ways with her, or you can shadow her life by the things you say or do.

A boy who had been very cruel to his

mother in this respect, grew up to manhood and wandered very far from God and from his mother. But she never once let go of him, and God never let go. She would follow him and seek him out, and in a most loving, tender way, beg him once more to let her love have its place in his life. It was a long time before he yielded, but the day did come when she knew that he had learned the deep lesson that she had been trying to teach him. Nothing that she said could make him feel that he ever had hurt her at all. That was just like mother, wasn't it? But, as he looked back, he knew that nothing he might do ever could make up for the cruel and unkind things he had said to her.

Christian chivalry calls upon a boy to regard his mother as the first lady in the world, as far as he is concerned, and no boy can be too attentive or too careful in every word and deed in trying to make his mother realize that he appreciates all that she has done for him.

Whenever that ugly spirit attempts to get the upper hand of us, even for an instant, and tries to compel us to say cruel words to the mother who never should hear anything



of that kind, we ought to resist that impulse with all the power that God can give us. No fellow ever should allow himself for a single moment to be a cloud maker, to let his thoughtless unkindness be the cause for a shadow upon the face of one whose very life is sunshine for him,

## INITIALING THE BLOT

**H**E DIDN'T mean to do it, of course, but the ink ran too freely, and there, on the clean white page of the account book was a blot. Of course it was not his book, but it was his blot. Then he did what he always did when anything of that sort happened during his examination of the books of any one else; he put his initials on that blot, so that any one who might see it thereafter could know who did it.

This thoughtful man is an expert accountant, one whose business it is to examine bookkeepers' records to see if they are correct. He employs other men on the same kind of work, and they, when they make a blot, are instructed to put their initials on it. Then neither the regular bookkeeper nor some other expert accountant will be blamed for that blemish on the otherwise clean page. The blame will rest where it belongs.

It takes character to initial one's own blots. When some folks make a blunder, they try at once to cover it up, even though the blame

may possibly fall on some one else. Suppose a library book is damaged by you on one of the inside pages. Perhaps no one will ever know who did it. Nothing is said when the book is returned. It is only a little torn place on one page, anyway. But that book goes out again. The boy who returns it hands it to a librarian, who runs over the leaves hurriedly, and notices the torn page. "Too bad!" he says. "You should be more careful!"

"Oh, I didn't do that," is the quick answer. "It was that way when I got it."

The librarian looks at him a moment, puts the book away, shakes his head, smiles, and says, "All right; but I wish boys who do such things accidentally would report it when they bring back the book. Then we wouldn't blame fellows for doing what they didn't do."

Your next-door neighbor has some fine rose bushes. Your baseball rolls under them, and after it you go. Suddenly something snaps, and down comes a branch of a bush. You crawl out, and get into the game again. By and by, Mrs. Neighbor, in looking over those bushes, finds the new shoot broken off. A pained expression comes over her face,

and she says, "Those boys did it, I'm afraid! I like to see them have a good time, but I wish they wouldn't dash in here as they do. I wonder which boy did it?" Then she makes some wrong guesses, thinks it must have been some one who never did it, and you do not bear your share of the blame.

That tendency to dodge the results of our doings, and to make folks think some one else is to blame, without actually saying so, is a subtle kind of dishonesty that eats its way into the character like a wasp in a porch post. You can see the hole where he went in, but you can't see the work he has done inside until some day that post has to come down.

The boy who can see far enough ahead to know what such dodging will mean to him as time goes on, is likely to be well guarded at this point of great weakness in many fellows. The crash of a broken window scares some fellows so badly for fear of the consequences that they run like a rabbit, and let some one else bear the blame. They never would initial any blot of theirs, not they! If there is any credit to be had, they wouldn't mind initialing that, if they could. But blame? "Oh, no," says such a boy. "Let folks guess

who did it, so long as it doesn't hit me." It is in small things that this sort of cowardice gets its first hold. If you should blot the page, put your initials alongside the blot!

## “HALF MY FAULT”

“GO TO your tents!” That was the sharp word of command from the master of the camp, and Tom and Chester broke away, each stamping off to his tent. Trouble? Yes, a sudden squall right out of a clear sky, such squalls as come once in a while in camps, in schools, and even in homes. For the suddenness of such storms is not peculiar to camps.

A man was lying on a cot in one of the tents when Chester flung himself in, and flopped down on his own cot with a few short, angry words. He didn't see the man at first, so he wasn't very careful about what he said. But presently he saw that he had company, and he wilted somewhat.

“What's the matter, Chester?” asked the man.

“Aw, the fellers were all sitting round on the grass, and when I got up, I tripped over Tom, and he thought I meant to, and threw a rock at me, and I threw one at him. Now Doc has sent both of us to our tents.”

"Well, that's too bad," said the man quietly. "It's too bad to lose your temper like that." And he rose up and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You'd better not let go like that another time. It never pays," and he started out of the tent.

"I know," said Chester suddenly, in a rather choky voice. "It was half my fault, anyway!" And the boy put his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his two hands, and sat blinking out into the twilight. He was taking his medicine now, and wasn't trying to make some other fellow take it. For in a storm like this, when a boy volunteers the information that the trouble is "half my fault," you may be sure that he is taking a good deal more than half the blame, and will get more than half the good out of any fair punishment. Chester, sitting regretfully inside that tent, was more of a man as he accepted at least a big share of the blame, than he was on his way in, when it was all Tom's fault.

What do you try to prove at such a time, when you have been in a mix-up with some one?

Do you try to find out how much of the blame you can shift to the other fellow, or

how much you ought honestly to take upon yourself? Here is the point:

It is a great deal more important for a boy to find out where he is wrong, than to find out where the other fellow is wrong.

That's something worth considering. If you are always trying to prove that you are right, you may be missing some big lessons that would help you to be right the next time where you were wrong this time. If you are interested chiefly in getting blame located on some one else, you may miss learning how you might have done better. Chester didn't do wrong when he accidentally tripped over Tom, but he did do wrong when he answered Tom's rock with another. And Chester was barking up the wrong tree when he put the whole blame on Tom. But Chester was getting somewhere when he began to admit his own blame in the fracas. He could see now where he might prevent a storm another time.

The trouble is that when you are so angry with some one else, you see red, and are not likely to see much else for the moment, even the hint that the incident has for you on the subject of how not to get into the same snarl again.



Let's not dodge the blame. If we do, we may dodge a blessing. The best place to settle this is right out in the open, in your life with the other fellows, and to settle it handsomely, too.

Otherwise, there's nothing the wise Master can do but say, "Go to your tent!" and then you can think it over.

## PICKING UP THE BUOY

COMING up the inlet toward the anchorage, a little yacht was making its way against wind and tide. It was hard work, but there was harder work ahead.

After a time she would be in among the other boats lying at anchor, and she must find her way to her berth, and then one of the crew must pick up the mooring buoy.

Did you ever see a yachtsman trying to do that? Out there ahead of him, in the water, as he comes picking his way in among the other boats, is a white float perhaps, not over a foot or two long, and showing just a little above the water. He must maneuver his yacht until he draws up just close enough, and at just the right speed to enable him to pick up that buoy with a boat hook. He must so regulate his speed that there will be no danger of running much beyond the buoy, and then he must round to at just the right moment, spilling the wind out of his sails, and letting them run down.

If there are any other boys over on the

dock looking out across the anchorage, you may be pretty sure that they will watch any yachtsman who tries to pick up his buoy. If he doesn't do it, every fellow on the dock will know exactly how it might have been done, and will be free to criticise the yachtsman who didn't quite make it. In order to pick it up just right, you must know your boat very well indeed, must know just how much "shoot" it has, and your judgment as to wind and tide and distance must be pretty keen.

When you start out to do anything difficult, you must take a great many things into account. If you are going to throw a ball from center field to the home plate, you consider the wind, the distance, your own strength, and the rate of speed at which the ball should go to catch the runner before he lands. Making a wild throw at such a time is a good deal like failing to pick up your buoy when you are handling a yacht.

Suppose you have a certain piece of work to do at school. There is a time when that work must be delivered, and you know you must do it. You may go along for a day or two, hoping that you are going to get time

to look after that matter, when suddenly you find you are almost on top of it, and your speed isn't right to pick it up. Then there is a grand hustle, which perhaps ends in failure, and you fall away, become tangled up, and miss the buoy. Have you ever had the pleasure of doing anything like that?

"I didn't realize how far it was," and "I didn't know how hard it was going to be," and "I wasn't just thinking about that at the moment," are excuses we sometimes give to ourselves when we have missed the mark. But these excuses do not cure the trouble. What we need is a good deal more watchfulness and fine judgment, gained by careful practise in the things we have to do. There is small reason for failing to do the thing we know we have got to do. The tide of other interests needn't deceive us; the light or the heavy wind of our impulses needn't drive us away from the right course or from the right speed; the time that we have to reach the mark, which, for all practical purposes, is the same thing as distance, needn't be very badly misjudged, if only we have our minds on the job, and will work steadily forward to the things we are trying to do.

Is there anything ahead just now that you must do exactly in the nick of time? If there is, just remember how careful a yachtsman has to be when he starts to pick up the buoy,

## SANDPAPER

**M**OST fellows find sandpaper pretty useful in smoothing down rough places in their carpenter work. But in all of us there are rough, unfinished places, which need polishing and smoothing. And if any kind friends attempt to use a little sandpaper on us it doesn't seem quite so wise and reasonable.

Every fellow needs more or less sandpapering, but some fellows take it better than do others. You know there are certain kinds of wood that never do take as good a finish as others. If you try to smooth off a coarse, ragged grain that splits easily, you have a very different job from that which you have when you work on a fine piece of maple or mahogany. But if you are working to get a good finish, sandpaper, or something like it, must be used to take off the roughness.

Some fellows get restless in school if the teachers use a little sandpaper on them in an effort to clear away some of the rough spots. Sullen looks and irritable words very often

are the first answer a teacher receives in response to a little sandpapering work that he tries to do on a boy. If the boy himself only knew it, the teacher hasn't any spite against him; he just wants to give the boy a good finish, so that he will be fit for the finest uses.

It is pretty hard to be called down in the presence of other people, to be told that we are dead wrong at this or that point, and that unless we change our attitude something is going to happen. It is pretty hard, after we have done our best in preparing a lesson, to be kept after school by the teacher for serious talk on our need for hard work.

One boy who in his early teens never did like to study, used to have to write out in a notebook a record of the amount of time he had spent on each study during the day and evening, and present that record to his school principal every day. It wasn't always easy to go up to the principal's office with a slim study record, and to hear then what the principal felt obliged to say, but it always was a joy to see the look on the principal's face when the study record had been a good one.

We ought not to try to run away from

sandpapering. Sometimes in our homes we begin to feel that we can't stand the constant correction we are subject to, and that somehow we must escape from it by dodging it. If you will listen some time to grown men talking about things for which they were grateful in their boyhood, you will be interested to notice that they look back to some of the home sandpapering they received as one of the best things that happened to them. If they had run away from it, or refused to take the finish that it gives, they would have amounted to far less in the world.

One trouble with us is that we don't always see what good the thing is going to do, and we would rather get along with less finish if it means less sandpapering. But watch the fellows who are training for a football team, and see the hard rubs they get from the coach. He doesn't favor any one with soft apologies or an easy time. Each fellow must go through the training for all he is worth, must take his hard knocks without complaining. By and by the team is a finished product — a result it would not have reached without a seemingly heartless coach back of it.



If we only knew it, the hard training we are getting outside the football squad is just as much a part of preparation for big things to come as field practise and training-table diet are part of the football man's preparation. Let us not dodge it, and think that we can get on without a good deal of sandpapering from those who want to see us brought up to the highest standard.

## HANDICAPS

A HANDICAP is an advantage that one fellow gives another in a contest. You know that, of course. If you give another boy a five-yard start in a hundred-yard dash, that five yards is the advantage over you that you give him.

But you give it in a race because you believe, or the manager of the race believes, that you are at least five yards better in the hundred-yard stretch than the other fellow, and the handicap is intended to equalize things somewhat.

In some contests, however, no handicap is given by any one to any one. In the intercollegiate sports there are no such allowances made. Every contestant there wins or loses on his merits, and no one gives him any advantage, nor does he give any to others.

What would you think of a fellow, training for the intercollegiate, who would carry with him to the track on the great day a pair of dumb-bells, and insist on carrying them through the race? What would you think

of a chap who would kick his running shoes into a corner, and put on a pair of lumbermen's hobnailed boots to wear in the race? What would you say of the athlete who would sit down on the grass and devour a pound of chocolates just before his event was called?

But, strangely enough, a good many boys who are training for that very close contest we call life actually do take on — knowingly, too — handicaps that hold them out of the winning class. Dumb-bells in a hundred-yard dash are feathers, when compared with some of the things that otherwise sensible boys take on as hindrances, when they ought to have no added weight at all.

It was the day before a cross-country run, and a boy was talking over the chances of the other boys who were to be in the race. It was a hard race, calling for speed and special endurance. "Jimmy is good; he's been in lots of cross-country runs," he said. "Sam is good, too! But I think Joe will win; yes, I'm pretty sure he will. He has trained for it, and he doesn't smoke; the other fellows do." And then he exclaimed, "I'd take my chances on beating a smoker any time!"

Joe did win that race. Why did the other fellows let tobacco take just a little of the edge off their strength?

Here is what a boy in a university of Wisconsin says about this smoking handicap. He is older than most of the boys who read this book, and he has learned a thing or two. "Many freshmen, in spite of their smoking, seem to get high standings; but when we look at the senior class, the best men do not smoke. Either they have cut it out, or they have dropped back in work. Since there is harm in smoking, and no loss in not smoking, but even advantage to be gained, I have never been tempted to begin the habit."

That big boy sees the folly of adding a handicap to one's running togs in the brain contests of college life. Whether it is tobacco, or some other drag on your strength, why take it on, when you need to be free for your task? A fellow who will deliberately take on the handicap of a foolish habit, is simply planning to cut down his lead in any kind of race, and come out with the tail-enders by choosing to impair his strength. Why do it?

## THE MORNING FACE

**D** ID you ever notice how seldom you have a thunderstorm in the morning? That is, outside the house! You know the old proverb, "Thunder in the morning, sailors take warning." Somehow the day usually likes to start out cheerfully, unless it began sullenly before the light came — that is, the outdoors day.

For some reason, inside the house it is often different. "Thunder in the morning, family take warning," and down to the breakfast table comes the young Indian whose name would be Thunder Face if he were named then and there. Surly looks, and a short "g'd morn'n," and Thunder Face, the gloom bringer, greets his family, and thus happily begins his day and theirs. No whistle of birds about him. No light step on the stairs, nothing but a rumble and a tumble and a grumble.

And you cannot help wondering why. What is it that can possibly make a fellow act and look like that? Out of sorts? What

of that! Hate school? Oh, well, you won't like it any more or stand it any better for venting your feelings on the family. A good many of us forget that the way we look and act isn't just our business, but is sure to affect others, and is always a matter of moment to them and to us.

If your idea of the proper "morning face" is a thundercloud, and you wear that sort of face, then you would do well to begin to practise what an overworked and rather lean and lanky minister says he does each day. "Before I leave my room in the morning," he says, "I try to think of something funny, and have a good laugh over it. If I can't think of anything amusing, I look in the mirror, and then I just have to laugh!"

It is hard for a boy to realize what a big difference his morning face can make to his father, just as the father is facing his day's work. He may have a puzzling day ahead. Let him see that you care enough for him to look at him and speak to him cheerily. And mother has her cares, too, for that day. But a fellow who clouds his mother's day with his morning face — well, let's head him off and out the back door, to take a little turn in

the fresh air before he sees her! Or, make him look in the mirror.

Here is what a man wrote who was ill a lot of the time, and a great sufferer. He called the poem "The Celestial Surgeon."

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:  
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake;  
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
Choose thou, before that spirit die,  
A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
And to my dead heart run them in!

Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote these words, didn't need a stab like that, suffering, cheery soul that he was! Nor will you, if you will take time to think a little about that "morning face."

## MAKING IT GO

**T**HE boy who has a job to do had better do it. The time for it is when the time to do it has come.

It isn't a question of feeling like it. Some of us get badly fooled by our feelings. They deceive us into laziness and failure, and many a duty never would get done if we put it off until we felt like doing it.

A boy who, much against his will, had been chosen President of a Christian Endeavor Society, at a time when the church of which he was a member was without a pastor, started out to do things for the society. But you know how it is even in junior and often in senior work. Just a few boys and girls were willing to help — a little, but not too much.

One day the boy was talking to an older friend about the small attendance and lack of interest.

"You're president, aren't you?" asked the friend.

"Yes," answered the boy, "I'm president,



and I'm going to resign and let some one else try it."

"Hold on a minute!" interposed the other. "Nothing like this can be made to go without work. Why don't you see what you can do before you quit? It's really up to you, you know, and if you get your officers together, lay out a membership plan, invite all the young people in the neighborhood, and stir things up generally, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried, anyway."

The boy grew thoughtful, but wouldn't say just what he did think about the advice he had received.

Some days later his mother was wakened about four in the morning by some one in her room. Then in the half-light she saw the boy sitting beside her on the bed.

"Good morning, mother," he said with a chuckle.

"Why, what are you up for at this hour?" she exclaimed.

"Well, I — well, I haven't been in bed! I sat up all night, and wrote thirty letters to the thirty members of our society, asking them to be present next Sunday."

The mother hadn't much to say. She

didn't know whether or not to tell him what she thought of an all-night job for a boy of his age, or what she thought of his grit.

And he did make it go. At the next meeting, instead of having the usual six or eight members present, there were twenty-eight in their places.

Was it worth while? You know the answer; you know that it does pay for a fellow to put time and strength into doing the thing he needs to do. The boy who waits for things to come his way will simply have to experience the shame of seeing them go the other way. The hard job that no one else will do, and that isn't much fun for any one, will draw the right sort of fellow to it as iron is attracted to a magnet.

You remember that George Washington is said to have been the only boy in his neighborhood who could throw a stone across the Potomac. There are any number of Potomacs challenging you in one way or another.

Will you make it go? or will you just dream about doing it, and then put off and put off until you get drowsy and indifferent?

Not asleep now, are you? What's the next job waiting for you?

## “YOU’RE AFRAID!”

A GOOD many fellows have been scared by the taunt, “You’re afraid!” shot out from the sneering lips of some other fellow. But every sensible boy knows there are times when it is right to be afraid. There are some things of which we ought to be afraid.

“You’re afraid!” is nearly always the challenge of fellows who have no special principle. If they want to do anything wrong, and want to get you into it, they think they can appeal to you with that sort of talk. Some boys are always restless until they can get into their own bad ways a decent boy who wants to keep straight.

We should never let a sneering challenge of any sort stir us up to do what we believe we ought not to do. Suppose you had made a certain promise to father or mother. In almost every neighborhood there is perhaps one boy who just aches to see you break that promise. He thinks he can get you to do it by taunting you with your fear of punishment, when that isn’t in your mind at all.

Your only fear is that you may do something contrary to the confidence that your parents have in you. Some of us do get stirred up by such a challenge, and once in a while, under the lash of that kind of whip, we break away from what we know is the right thing to do. That is cowardly and weak.

A fellow with yellow stains on the inside of his fingers comes up to you and offers you a cigarette. You tell him pleasantly that you don't smoke. He looks at you with a sneer and says, "Aw, you're afraid!" The best answer to such a chap is to let him know, just as straight as you know how, that you are afraid of the poisonous thing that is hurting him, and that you don't propose to be bullied into hurting yourself in the way he is hurting himself. His taunt never can hurt you as much as the cigarette could.

Did you ever see a gang of bullies trying to get two boys into a fight? They say everything they can to the two to stir them up against each other, and the spur that the gang will use is, "You're afraid!" No one quite likes to be thought a coward, and in a few minutes a boy is likely to lose sight entirely of why the fight was suggested, or

what it is he is fighting about. In he goes for all he is worth to fight another chap who doesn't need a licking, and who is fighting back at him only because he has been stirred up by the crowd around him. Doesn't it look rather silly when you see the thing as it really is?

It isn't a question as to how little or how much a thing will hurt if we know it would damage our usefulness. We do right to be afraid of anything that makes us less useful than we ought to be, and of anything we think God would not wish to have us do.

Are the fellows asking you to do something that may seem only a very little off the right track, and are they stirring you up to it because they claim you are afraid? Well, if the thing is wrong you should be afraid, and the sooner you let them know it the better. It isn't a mark of courage to walk into temptation just to see how well you can stand it. It isn't learning anything you need to know, to try only once a thing that is wrong. Better be frankly afraid of doing an unclean thing than be afraid of the scorn of unclean fellows who want to drag you down to their level.

## THE HARD THING FIRST

A GOOD many fellows spend so much time in picking over their duties to get at the easy one first, that they have time to finish neither the easy nor the hard tasks.

A very able and hard-working man once said he found, when going through the big pile of letters on his desk, that he was likely to pick out the hard letters, and put them at the bottom of the pile. And he soon found that he had built up in that way a pile of letters that were no easier to manage than they were at first. He decided that he must change this habit of his, and tackle the hard letters first.

There are your schoolbooks on the table for to-morrow's work—history, algebra, civics, English. You look at one book (is it algebra?) and groan, and put that aside. Another is pretty stiff for you, and so you put that on the waiting list also. Then you pick up the easier of the remaining two, and go to work. One after another you dig through the subjects, and at last pick up the

algebra. Does it look any easier than it did at first? Is your mind any fresher now to tackle it? Why, that algebra looks as if it were all  $x$ —all an unknown quantity—and you are just a little too tired to do your best. Then a yawn. Then a sudden determination to do it. Then the first thing you know, bed pulls harder than  $x = \text{I-don't-know-what-and-I-don't-care}$ ; and in ten minutes you are asleep. Did it help you any to put off that algebra?

Well, not much, if you go by the mark you receive the next day. And you have simply bumped into a big fact in life — it is better to tackle the hard duty first. Sliding into your work by little glides isn't the way to build up vigorous tackling ability. You don't learn to do the hard duty any better by letting it grow harder, while you do the easy things that need no ginger or push at all. Put off, and put off, and put off the things that you are not sure you can do, and you pretty nearly make sure that you will fumble them and balk at them worse in the end than in the beginning.

But what happens when you do have the courage to pick out at the start, for imme-

diate doing, the thing that is hardest? Just this: you save yourself a lot of worry about it. You tune up your mind and body to do the thing when you are fresh. You do not dodge, or shuffle, or squirm, but you go at the thing like a dog after a woodchuck. Will he get the woodchuck? He doesn't know. He doesn't wait to practise on ants. No matter how deep that "chuck" may be in the burrow, that dog makes the dirt fly with all four feet, and the neighborhood echoes with his bark. And the harder the job, the harder he works. He gets his practise then and there, and sometimes the "chuck." Ask that little bow-legged brindle pup of yours if it isn't so.

What every fellow needs is fearless promptness in getting right at the most difficult thing he has to do. Get it done. Get it behind you. The easy things will come along all right at the end of the procession. What you want to have it out with at the very beginning is the job that you think you are least able to do. The first thing you know you will get so that you hardly recognize a hard task when you see it.



## SHOULD THE MACHINE STOP?

WHEN the "Cameronia" had cleared Sandy Hook on a February day, a passenger watched with keen interest the preparations for the crossing of the North Atlantic in winter. Everything was made snug. The decks were cleared of all sorts of tackle that had been used in port, but the passenger was surprised to note that the winches were kept turning slowly. He thought their work was over, and that they would be stopped, for there were the stout steam-turned windlasses on the forward deck, used for handling cargo, and anchors. But no, the small engines kept up their low chuckle, as the ship made her way; and for days and days the windlasses ran steadily, through snow and sleet and howling gale and tumbling seas.

Those sturdy laborers of the seas were kept moving so that they couldn't freeze up. It was better for them to be kept moving a little, than to be unable to move at all when wanted. That wintry Atlantic would soon have flung its spray over them, and the ice

would have clamped its iron grip upon gears and bearings. If a sudden call were made on those winches, what then? Well, perhaps just plain disaster, cold and grim, because the machinery could not be set in motion on the instant.

Yes, it cost a little steam to keep them moving, and some slight care. It was good sense to have the windlasses always ready. And so the gears ran on day and night, with their cheery chatter, "We are ready, we are ready, we are ready!" Their talk was good to hear.

Such sensible, cheery talk is always good. The fellow who understands the need of readiness, and keeps ready, has a flying start in tackling any job that comes his way.

Such a machine as you are needs to be kept moving, to be kept in fine condition for use. How persistently the heart beats on! How constantly the brain works day and night! What a web of messages pass from nerves to brain day in and day out! Of course, rest is needed. And plans must be made for rest. But the danger lies in thinking that rest comes through idleness alone.

Many a boy is at his worst in vacation

time. He takes on no work; he becomes irregular in his hours; he spends considerable time in wondering what he will do next. The machine just runs down and stops, and often becomes unfit for work because it has not been kept in working trim. Some of us are too much like the man who insisted that he liked work, but he didn't like to work between meals! There is not much danger of becoming unfit for service while school keeps, but when school is over, and the long vacation begins, what then? The big ocean liners that have been lying at their piers in New York harbor for months are not in so good shape for work as they were when they were following "a clean sea track," but you notice as you pass them in the ferries that a little steam is coming from the pipe alongside the big funnels. The fires are not entirely out; something is moving. Even in their long vacation they are to some degree kept ready. Yet many an otherwise level-headed boy lets real duty slide in vacation, ties up to a pier of indolence, and as for keeping up any brain steam, well, you would have to watch very closely indeed to see any sign of it.

Certainly! Have a fine healthy, outdoor time of it when school closes; that is what you need. But you can do this without letting the thinking part of you stop entirely.

## THE TUNING COIL

UP UNDER the roof of the house, a boy has his wireless instruments which send their long, mysterious messages out over the roof of the world. They catch the vibrations of those strange and little-understood waves which are set in motion by other instruments, perhaps a thousand miles away. On the left-hand end of his study table is the tuning coil. There is a world's wonder hidden in the spirals of wire closely coiled around the cylinder. A little metal finger moved on a rod above them, and just touching them with its flexible point, shuts out messages from all but the special wireless station which the boy may choose. By making the vibrations of his receiving apparatus tune exactly with the one he wants to hear, he can, by means of this device, tune out or tune in this or that station.

Some of you fellows know how the wireless works. You slip the receivers over your ears, adjust the detector, and push your slider along the rod. There! Cape Cod is

at it now. Move the slider again and out goes Cape Cod and in comes Arlington. Another move and out goes Arlington and in comes Key West. So the tuning goes on, finding for you the station that corresponds with the vibrations allowed for by the number of spirals marked off on the coil by the slider. The boy at the instrument can choose what he will or will not receive. The work of the slider is a mystery, but wireless would be only a jumble of mixed sounds without that part of the instrument.

The boy cannot always stay up there under the roof, intent upon his nightly wanderings over leagues of sea and land and sky. He can choose his messages there, but when he is out among the other fellows, does he still have the same privilege? Doesn't he have to take whatever message comes, and let all sorts of impressions strike in? Has he any way of tuning out any message he doesn't want to hear?

He must find a way to do that very thing, or his soul will be just a mixture of good or bad that comes to him, not by his choice, but by the will of others.

By honest, open, eager desire for the pure

and the clean, a fellow must learn to be insensitive to the evil things that try to make their appeal to him. When the first faint wave of an evil thought comes in over the sensitive antennæ of the soul, just quietly ask God to help you to tune it out, and he will. When you feel an impulse which would only lead you into trouble, ask him to guide you as you tune up to a station that is sending out messages of a different sort, and he will do it.

Remember that some day some one you love will need you. The call will come perhaps by only a look or a word. Mother may be needing a bit of encouragement, or father may be needing the cheery word of a growing boy. Their stations will be sending out the S. O. S. for help. Then tune out all the selfish stations of your own interests, all the voices that call you elsewhere, and answer.

The tuning coil is really a wonder. Is yours in working order?

## THE SUSPENDED KEY

**I**N A GLASS CASE, resting on nothing, and evidently suspended by nothing, was a heavy iron key. Look as carefully as one would, he saw no hint of a thread holding it up. Visitors to the museum where the key was kept studied it until their eyes were tired, in a vain effort to find out what kept the key in mid-air. Magnets above and below it? You might guess that, and yet you are only "warm." For the key wasn't suspended by the balancing pull of magnets; that couldn't be done in any practical way.

No, there was another cause. Every one looked for a fine thread above the key, but it was not often that any one thought to look under the key for a thread. Yet there it was, holding the key down, against the pull of a magnet above! That bit of iron would have moved right up to the magnet if the thread had not been there to hold it down.

So would a boy rise straight to the magnet of a high, true aim in life if he cut the thread that holds him down. Perhaps it is a thread



that no one else can see easily, a thread that is a mystery to his friends. Folks wonder why he never quite "gets there." He seems to have brains enough, body enough, and he talks a lot about what he intends to do, but somehow there he hangs, neither up nor down, yet certainly not getting up toward the best that he might be.

There goes a chap with a springy step on his way to school. He looks like a bright, pleasant fellow, and he is. But two men driving past on the way to the railroad station look at him and shake their heads, and talk in pitying tones about him. They had seen the thread, that was all. For hanging from that bright boy's lips was a little white cylinder, and a gray mist came curling up into the clean morning air. That little cylinder and the mist wreathing away from it would hardly weigh anything on the scales, but they were pulling that boy down with the strength of chains, so that he could not, while so held captive, rise to his best work.

And sometimes the thread is up a boy's sleeve, where no one sees it. He sits as quietly and works as busily as any other fellow in the school examination, and he never

lets any one around him see the finely written words on the slip of paper just inside his left sleeve. That's the downward-pulling thread for him. How mean he feels when he is praised for his good work! How he wishes he had the nerve to rise or fall because of merit, and that he need not stay down where that cheating thread is keeping him!

Fellows, take a look around! What is it that tugs at your ideals and holds you down? Why can't you get all the snap you might get from those good muscles of yours to drive you between bases, or over the hundred yards, or the jumping bar? Why does your thinker say sullenly that it won't work when the teacher's question is shot at you, and some one else gets in ahead with the answer?

You don't want to be kept down like that key. "But the key was kept up," you say? Cut the thread, and see what will happen. The iron wanted to rise, but it couldn't rise until the thread that kept it down was cut.

Isn't it time to get out your four-bladed, brand-new, spring-opening knife, and cut a few threads?

## PAINTING A DROP OF WATER

“OH, LET it go! That’s good enough. What’s the difference?” And so the boy who doesn’t care ends up the job before it is finished, and is off like a shot to attend in the same way to something else. In this brilliant way he manages to leave a beautiful trail of unfinished work behind him, and he builds with practise a habit of letting things go, letting things get away from him before they should.

Down in the village of Stonington, Connecticut, a small boy lived with some relatives who took care of him while his father was over in Russia building railroads. The boy used to spend a good deal of time making pencil sketches. Then he tried painting. He was most particular. A good lady who had charge of the boy told the writer that he used to spend hours painting the picture of a drop of water. No great view of the sea was that, although the boy lived by the sea. No landscape, though he lived close to fine views. He thought it worth while to put in long,

hard, careful work in learning how to paint a single glittering drop of water.

The writer of these words stood one evening in a very rich man's drawing-room. "There is a Whistler I bought recently," said the host, pointing to a tall, full-length painting of a man in old-time costume. A Whistler? No, the man wasn't whistling! The painting was by James McNeil Whistler, one of the most famous painters of our time. There was a free and careless look about the work — a look which one critic said the artist took great care to produce in his work. And how many thousand dollars that picture was worth it isn't safe to say.

The little boy in Stonington working over the drop of water to get it just right, and the great artist whose wonderful work was done with such particular care — how like they were in their ways! It isn't strange, for small Jamie by the New England seashore became the famous Whistler who made his home in London, and whose pictures were and are in great demand.

Boys, don't be too quick to let go the job. It may be a little tiresome to keep on to the very end, but never mind. It is never safe

to let any work go from under your hand that you know is not done with thoroughness. A fellow might just as well give up any idea of success, or mastery, or achievement in anything if he is willing to do work that isn't thorough. Trim up the ends! Smooth off the rough spots! Put the polish on till it shines! And while you are doing that to the job, the job is doing as much for you. Some day, when you have done a man's job in the same spirit, after you have gone out into the world of workers in handwork or brain work, others will see a book, a building, a machine, a bridge, that you did, and point to it, saying, "Oh, that's a Tom Brown! You always know his work anywhere."

What's the difference? Well, a good deal.

## THE STRAIGHT TALK OF A BUTTON

**Y**OU wouldn't expect to have a button speak to you? Of course not. The boys didn't expect anything of the sort when the package was unwrapped. They had just received a tent by parcel post. It was a tent in which it was said that two persons could sleep comfortably, entirely protected from the weather; and when that tent was rolled up and tucked away in its case, it was only about eighteen inches long, and six inches in diameter, and so light that you could easily carry it on top of your haversack, or on the handlebars of your wheel.

Any outdoor boy would be interested in that tent. It was soon spread out, examined, set up, and tested. The tent pins were made of strong wire, and little straps, fastened to the edges of the tent with a kind of clip button on them, could be looped around the pins and snapped fast with the buttons.

Suddenly one of the buttons spoke up. All it said was stamped right in the metal itself, but it said most plainly, "Go light, but

right." A look at the other buttons showed that they were all saying the same thing.

Last night the tent was out in a heavy storm. No one slept in it. The rain beat upon it; the wind blew about it. It was all snugly set up and fastened in, and alone in the darkness of the mountains. Now two persons might just as well have had the fun of sleeping in it, for this morning, when the skies had cleared, the boys looked into that tent to see whether or not it had done its work well. It was as dry and clean within as one could possibly wish. The pegs and the buttons still held; the light fabric — sides and floor — had proved itself waterproof and storm-proof.

All through the storm those stout buttons were saying to the rain and the wind: "We go light, but right. We are not afraid of you. Go ahead with your fuss! We'll sit tight." And they did.

What those buttons say is this: After all, rightness is the biggest part of strength for service. It isn't always the big, muscle-bound chap who is the strongest. The spirit of rightness within can make up, in a storm, for lack of bulk and thickness.

Haven't you noticed how able you are when you know that you are having a clean day, when you have been keeping close to Jesus? That sort of day is so different in studies and in recreation from the day in which you have allowed anything unclean to lay hold upon you. You can look anything, any one, straight in the eyes when you are right at heart, and the amount of work you can turn out then, and the amount of ground you can cover in your stride, is amazing. Everything looks hopeful and bright on such a day as that; and you seem to be able to do things that are quite impossible to you on a day when the rightness has been spoiled by crookedness of any sort.

It is well to go light, to learn the nicest adjustment of your brain and muscles to your task, to learn how to be quickly fitted to your job; how to move easily and smoothly to the next duty; how to serve others with the least burden or care to them. But going light is only disappointing unless you are also going right, going with every particle of your being all true and tested, and trustworthy.

Do you remember a maker of tents who knew how to "go light, but right"? The



Apostle Paul, when his tents were turned over to the users, must have been careful to make them just light enough for use, and so right that any one could trust them. And he himself let God make him over into a clean-cut, noble man, who was as light and as quick as the wind to obey God's call, and as strong as steel to meet whatever he had to meet.

Don't you think those buttons are about right in what they said and are saying to the boys?

## WHAT YOU CAN'T DO, YOU CAN DO

**N**OW don't start out by saying that you can't believe such stuff as that, because perhaps you can, and that might show the truth of this heading.

There was once a boy in the State of Ohio who was born without arms. His family did not seem to get on very comfortably in this world, and as he grew up it was quite uncertain as to what he was going to be able to do. The fact that he had no arms seemed to cut him out from most work that a boy with arms could do, and people wondered how he'd manage to get on.

He settled that question for them by and by. As he grew to be a big boy he became a great lover of horses. You would hardly expect a boy without any arms to do much with horses, but this boy made up his mind that he could. He studied the matter over, and finally made a harness for himself instead of for the horse. He rigged that harness over his armless shoulders in such a way that, by swinging his shoulders from

side to side, he could pull on the reins that ran to the bridle of the horse.

You see, he was beginning to do what most people would say a boy without arms could not do.. If you think he went to all this trouble just for the fun of it, you are quite mistaken. By and by he began to train horses, after he had learned to drive them, with this harness of his. He learned how to put a young horse through his first paces, and to teach him how a decent horse should act under all circumstances. As time went on, this armless boy grew to be an armless man, but not a useless man; for he found that persons from all directions were sending their horses to him to be trained. He built up a large business in this work, became prosperous, and an influential man in his neighborhood. An armless boy learning to be a trainer of horses! Who would have supposed such a thing possible?

Sometimes a boy is backward in school in a certain lesson, and he begins to think that he never can do it well. It may be that that very study is going to be his strongest point after a little time of special effort in the concentration of his faculties on that par-

ticular thing. A prominent railroad president used to say that "only Omnipotence can stand in the way of a determined man." He meant to say that only God himself could prevent a person of great determination from doing the thing that he believes should be done.

You have been thinking through these talks with me about some of the things that ought to be stored up in your treasury.

Look into your treasury of character to-day, boys, and ask yourselves honestly if there is a great empty space there that ought to be filled up by worthiness and power and strength that can count for something in this world. Thanks be unto God that what we cannot be by ourselves, we can be with him; that the very thing that seems to disable us now may open up to us wonderful avenues of usefulness. Do you see what I meant by that heading?

## NOT BY CLIMBING

**D**ID you ever feel the lure of the mountains? Did a mountain ever call to you from miles away, over the gray rocks, dark-green spruces, and the grassy pastures, until you had to follow? When the mountain calls, a boy would better go, if he can, for mountains have something to say to any boy who will let them lift him up where they can have a little time alone with him.

One day a boy felt that he needed a mountain climb. He walked for miles over the dusty roads, up the three-mile hill, down again by the lake in the Notch, and then turned aside to the trail up the mountain.

The boy had been having a pretty hard time with temptations of more than one kind. That is, he had, until within a few weeks. But lately he had been depending on a new Friend, one who went with him everywhere, and who just stepped in between the boy and the wolves of temptation. When that Friend said "Stand back!" the wolves stood back. They hadn't always done so

when the boy had told them to, but the boy was now trusting his Friend of whom the wolves were afraid. Of course that Friend was on the trail with the boy as he went up the mountain, for you don't get away from your pack of temptations just by climbing.

Up through the spruces the boy went. He passed among the big trees first, and then among the smaller, and then out through little groves of spruce that would never be as high as his head. At last he was above the timber line, striding along among the gray rocks of the summit. What a keen wind was blowing! What wonderful views were flung out before him! How close he seemed to cloudland!

But do you know, even up there, the temptations did not let him alone. Some things that had troubled him once tried to drag him down now. But the Friend again stood between the boy and the snarling pack.

By and by he went down to the valley again, and a person who loved him, and who thought that climbing would lift a fellow pretty surely above most troubles, said almost enviously, "That must have been a great uplift for you." The boy smiled and nodded;

for it had been. But when he got clear down in the valley, this is what he said to another who loved him: "Do you know I learned up there that Satan can climb just as fast as I can! He didn't let me alone. I could almost hear him talking to me. But he never got me," he said with a happy laugh, "because Christ was there, and I had the joy that victory through Christ gives. Oh, I had a great time! It was wonderful."

His face showed it. The mountain had taught him a big happy lesson that day. He could not climb away from Satan, but Satan had no way to get at him, in valley or mountain, when he let Christ stand between the temptation and himself. And warfare against the evil that would down us is thrilling when we let Christ fight for us.

Have you been trying to get your thoughts clean just by the purifying winds in the high places? Have you thought that summits will keep you free from sins? Fellows, the high places and the summits are wonderful experiences for us. Up there Christ can often speak to us in special ways when we are alone; but Satan doesn't wait for us to come down. He climbs, too. He might just as

well save himself the climb, however, if your Friend is with you.

There is no mountain-top experience that comes anywhere near the joy of letting Christ give you victory. Will you trust him to do it? Tell him so!





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Oct. 2005

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